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FAVORITE
POEMS

Sea and Shore



The Pilot's Daughter. Page 166.

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FAVORITE POEMS

FROM

THE BEST AUTHORS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY AMY NEALLY

Sea and Shore

9

NEW-YORK.

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY

31 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

1894

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SEA AND SHORE POEMS.

UNDER SAIL.

OUT on a radiant sunlit sea,
Where the waves are leaping joyfully,
And the breeze is blowing glad and free,
We sail to the land where we would be :

 We sail and sing
 To the Unseen King,
Whose smile on the sea falls glittering.

And sailing, singing, over the sea,
We dream of the land where we would be ;
And picture the haven, fair and wide,
Where the longing heart shall be satisfied—

 And the face of One
 Who shines as the sun
In the kingdom which his sorrows won.

And fondly we pray that, tenderly thus,
God may guide the souls that sail with us—
That our Belovèd may also come
To the golden shore of the far-off Home.

"Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep ;
O, hear us, when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea !"

"O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard
And hush'd their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep ;
O, hear us, when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea."

"And some shall enter the Haven wide,
Full-sail, on the breast of a glorious tide ;
And some shall come,
To our golden Home
Sore battered and spent from an angry sea ;
But Thine heart shall count them, one by one,
And leap for joy as they greet the Sun,
Till God has gathered them all to thee."

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER.

On through the night's fearful darkness I roam,
My boat dashes wild at the will of the wave,
Fierce are the billows and crested with foam
Yet their fury my bark seems with courage to
brave,

Oh! oh! though the waves beat high, oh! oh!
Swift I onward fly, oh! oh! Swift I onward fly.

“Holy Maria deign thou to hear
Unto my pray’r lend merciful ear.
Oh, hear me thou and still sustain me,
On Ocean’s heaving bounds,
Hearest Thou? What wild sounds.”

Oh faithful prow, swift onward move,
Soon a clear light’s rays will appear,
Speed to her home, her that I love,
Fly, for the shore is almost here.

When in the night I am standing alone,
At the helm, and the dark storm approaching
I see—

Calmly I smile at it, fear I have none.
For my courage mounts high when I think but
of thee.

Oh, oh, though the waves beat high,
Swift I onward fly.

O faithful prow, swift onward move,
Soon shall a bright beacon beam o’er,
Speed to her home, her that I love,
Fly for I see, yes I now see the shore.
English words by LOUIS ELSON.

SONG OF THE SEA.

Backward and forward, under the moon,
Swingeth the tide in its time-worn sway—
Never too late and never too soon—
And evening and morning make the day.

Backward and forward over the sands,
And over the rocks to fall and flow;
And this wave has touched a drowning hand,
And that one has seen a face we know.

Their separate murmurs of hope and fear
Are blended now in one solemn tone,
And only this voice of the waves I hear,
“Forever and ever His will be done.”

Yet to the ear of God it swells,
And to the blessed round the throne
Sweeter than chime of vesper bells,
“Forever and ever His will be done.”

THE SKIPPERS OF ST. IVES.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
As I came through St. Ives,
There were four and twenty skippers,
And four and twenty wives.

The Skippers of St. Ives.



And each wife she would be talking,
Each wife she would be heard,
"It seems to me" said Jack said he,
"We can't get in a word."

"Clack-e-ty clack!" said Will to Jack,
"Clack-e-ty clack!" said he—
"Folks say out there live mermaids fair.
Say, boys shall we go out to see?"

So these four and twenty skippers,
Stole off most quiet-lee,
And courted these fair mer-maidens,
At the bottom of the sea.
And when they had courted gayly,
For a thousand years or so,
They remembered their wives
In old Saint Ives—
And thought it was time to go.

"Clack-e-ty clack!" said Will to Jack,
"Clack-e-ty clack!" said he—
"D'ye think they're at their same old chat
Say, boys shall we go home and see?"

So these four and twenty skippers,
They rose out of the main,
And came to Saint Ives on a Monday,
To find their wives again.

"Alas, 'tis a thousand years, boys,
I fear they've gone," said Will,
But he just peep'd round a corner,
And there they were—talking still!

"Clack-e-ty clack!" said Will to Jack,
"They never will stop," said he—
"A chattering wife's the plague o' one's life,
Come, boys, let us go back to the sea."
F. E. WEATHERLY.

OUT ON THE DEEP.

Out on the deep when the sun is low,
And the sea with splendor burns,
With his sealy spoil, from his evening toil,
The fisher homeward turns,
And his oars flash bright, in the ocean light.
And he knows that eyes on shore,
Look out on the deep for his bright oar sweep;
And he sings as he swings his oar:

"A long sweep, lads, and a strong sweep, boys.
And a song as along we go.
For the hearts that yearn for our home return,
When the evening sun is low."

Out on the deep, when the sun is dead,
And the first sweet star doth gleam,

Of a day that is dead, and a love that is fled,
The fisher oft will dream,
And he thinks tho' far, like that first bright star,
She is still beside as of yore,
And his oars gleam bright, in its sweet pale
light,
And he sings as he plies his oar :

"A slow sweep, lads, and a low sweep, boys,
And a song as along we go.
For the star of Love, that is bright above,
And its gleam in the wave below?"

S. K. COWAN.

SONG.

On old Long Island's sea-girt shore
Many an hour I've whiled away,
In listening to the breakers' roar,
That wash the beach at Rockaway.
Transfixed I've stood while nature's lyre,
In one harmonious concert broke :
And catching its promethean fire,
My inmost soul to rapture woke.

Oh ! how delightful 'tis to stroll
Where murm'ring winds and waters meet,
Marking the billows, as they roll
And break resistless at your feet ;

To watch young Iris, as she dips
Her mantle in the sparkling dew,
And chased by Sol, away she trips
O'er the horizon's quivering blue.

To hear the startling night winds sigh
As dreamy twilight lulls to sleep,
While the pale moon reflects from high
Her image in the mighty deep.
Majestic scene, where nature dwells,
Profound in everlasting love,
While her unmeasured music swells
The vaulted firmament above.

HENRY JOHN SHARP.

AN EXPERIENCE.

We crossed on an ocean steamer,
And babbled of foreign scenes;
I was more or less of a dreamer,
And she well out of her teens.

We strolled on the deck together,
And dined together at night;
That is, when it wasn't bad weather
And she had an appetite.

Or I wrapped her up in my tartan,
Like a moth in a chrysalis,
While I bore the cold like a Spartan,
And reckoned it simply bliss.

She quoted me Burns and Heine,
And sang of the Lorelei;
And I held her hand, it was tiny,
While she answered me with a sigh.

I wished the Germanic forever
Would sail on a summer sea,
But she thought that the gruff old skipper,
To this would never agree.

I vowed with my life to defend her
Should she split on an iceberg or reef:
Her fiancé came out on the tender;
My air castles all came to grief.

SONNET.

This Winter eve
How soft! how mild!
Calm the sea!
The earth is like a weary child,
And ocean chants its lullaby.

A little murmur in mine ear!
A little ripple at my feet!
They only make the silence here,
Which they disturb not,
More complete.

R. C. TRENCH.

SEASIDE SORROW.

She looked up, and, as I bowed,
 Laughed aloud,
Crying, "Come and help me, please,
To catch little crabs like these!"
 She's not proud!

As I watch the summer skies
 In her eyes,
And the ripple of the sea
On her sunny hair, ah me!
 Wisdom dies.

Over rock and weed we slide
 Side by side,
And anon she deftly dabs
In the pools where tiny crabs
 Strive to hide.

See the wayward breezes flirt
 With her skirt!
See the spray leap to her lips,
And the waves laugh as she trips,
 All unhurt!

Now her slender, restless hands
 Search the sands;
Now the flashing water flies,
As each little struggling prize
 Safely lands.

Seaside Sorrow.



“Oh! here’s such a tiny tot!
Oh! a lot!
Hide them in your lap—look—so;
Then they won’t get out, you know.”
Will they not?

Ah! I cannot, dainty dame,
Play this game.
For—O grief! O cruel hap!—
This poor mortal has no lap
To his name.

Tears and anger swiftly rise
In blue eyes.
“You’re no good!” she wails with pique,
And, some fairer aid to seek,
Off she flies.

So I sadly wander back
In her track.
Lapless, loveless must I live,
Since she will not soon forgive
Me, alack!

For your love I fain would try
Ere I die.
But, since you are scarcely four,
And, alas! I’m so much more,
Sweet—good-bye!

London World.

SONNET.

Silent, and steadfast

As the vaulted sky,

The boundless plain of waters seem to lie :—

Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er

The grass-crowned headland that conceals the
shore?

No, 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,

Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be.

WORDSWORTH.

DESCRIPTION OF THE THAMES.

My eye descending from the hill, surveys

Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays :

Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons

By his old sire, to his embrace runs ;

Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,

Like mortal life to meet eternity,

Though with those streams he no resemblance
hold,

Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold :

His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,

Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,

O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,

And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring ;

Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,

Like mothers which their infants overlay :

Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's
toil ;

But godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind,—
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tours
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it
wants,

Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
Oh, could I flow like thee ! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle yet not
dull ;

Strong, without rage ; without o'erflowing, full !

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers ;

The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers :
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Now dashed upon the billow,
Her opening timbers creak :
Each fear a watery pillow ;
None stops the dreadful leak.
To cling to slippery shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay till the day
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

At length the wished-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky ;
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh :
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent :—

A sail in sight appears !
We hail it with three cheers !
Now we sail with the gale
From the Bay of Biscay, O !

ANDREW CHERRY.

VENICE.

There is a glorious City in the Sea,
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible ; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome
Morgue-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky ;
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings ;
The fronts of some, though time had shattered
them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE HELMSMAN.

Hark the bell ! it sounds midnight, all hail, thou
new heaven !

How soft sleep the stars on the bosom of night !
While o'er the full moon, as they gently are
driven,
Slowly floating, the clouds bathe their fleeces
in light.

The warm feeble breeze scarce ripples the ocean ;
And all seems so hushed, all so happy to feel ;
So smooth glides the bark, I perceive not her
motion,
While low sings the sailor who watches the
wheel.

'Tis so sad, 'tis so sweet, and some tones come so
swelling,
So right from the heart, and so pure to the
ear,
That sure at this moment his thoughts must be
dwelling
On one who is absent, most kind and most
dear.

Oh, may she who now dictates that ballad so
tender,
Diffuse o'er your days the heart's solace and
ease,

As yon lovely moon with a gleam of mild splendor,
Pure, tranquil, and bright, over-silvers the sea !

MATTHEW G. LEWIS.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A Naval Ode.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave :
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England,
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow,
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

RONDEAU.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear,
The main mast by the board;
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love, well stored,

Shall brave all dangers, scorn all fears.
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,
 In hopes on shore
 To be once more
 Safe moored with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go
 The whistling winds that scud along,
 And the surge roaring from below
 Shall my signal be
 To think on thee,
 And this shall be my song,
 Blow high, blow low.

And on that night when all the crew,
 The memory of their former lives
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 And drink their sweethearts and their
 wives.

I'll heave a sigh and think on thee,
 And as the ship rolls through the sea
 The burthen of my song shall be ;
 Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
 The main mast by the board.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry !

And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder grew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of water fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore:
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across the stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! O my daughter!"

'Twas vain ; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing,
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

AT SEA.

At Sea !—my bard,—at sea !
With the winds, and the wild waves and
me,
The low shore soon
Will be down with the moon,
And none on the waves but me ! . . .

On ! on ! with a swoop and a swirl,
High over the clear waves curl,
Under thy prow
Like a fairy row,
Make the blue water bubble with pearl !
EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet,
Oh ! the last ray of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
heart.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS. 23

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the
scene

Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill—
Oh no !—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends the beloved of my bosom were
near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment
more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature im-
prove,
When we see them reflected from looks that we
love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love
best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

The Sea ! the Sea ! the open Sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !

B. W. PROCTER

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson of the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like Leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime ;
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak !" our captain cried ; when each
gun

From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back.
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;—
Then ceased—and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Outspoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave :
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :
So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.”

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose.

As Death withdrew his shades from the day ;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light !
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of Fame that died,
With the gallant, good Riou !
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their graves.
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SONNET.

Sauntering hither on listless wings,
Careless vagabond of the sea,
Little thou heed'st the surf that sings,
The bar that thunders, the shale that rings,
Give me to keep thy company. . . .
BRET HARTE.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was
shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declin-
ing—
The bark was still there, but the waters were
gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have
known ;
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs
from us,
And leaves us at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;

Give me back, give me back the wild freshness
of Morning!

Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's
best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's re-
turning,

When passion first waked a new life through
her frame,

And his soul, like the wood that grows precious
in burning,

Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite
flame?

THOMAS MOORE.

Like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

LONGFELLOW.

THE BEACON.

The scene was more beautiful, far, to the eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it:

The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched
sky

Looked pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed

On the shadowy waves' playful motion,

From the dim distant isle till the light-house
fire blazed

Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's heart
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers ;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
All hushed was the billow's commotion ;
And o'er them the light-house looked lonely as
hope,—
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow ;
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul
flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh, then may the seraph of Mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean !

PAUL MOON JAMES.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock slung loose at the sport of the
wind ;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bow-
ers,

And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn ;
While memory each scene gayly covered with
flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise ;—
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers, in flower, o'er the
thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in
the wall ;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight :
His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm
tear ;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom
holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast ;
Joy quickens his pulses—his hardships seem
o'er ;

And a murmur of happiness steals through his
rest,—

“Oh God! thou hast blessed me: I ask for no
more.”

Ah! whence is that flame which now glares on
his eye?

Ah! what is that sound which now bursts on
his ear?

’Tis the lightning’s red gleam, painting hell on
the sky!

’Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the
sphere!

He springs from his hammock,—he flies to the
deck;

Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a
wreck,

The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on
fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o’er
the wave.

O sailor-boy! woe to thy dream of delight;
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.

Where now is the picture that Fancy touched
bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed
kiss?

O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay ;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the
main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for
thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless
surge ;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-
sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge !

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be
laid ;
Around thy white bones the red coral shall
grow ;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be
made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;

Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye,—

O sailor boy ! sailor boy ! peace to thy soul.

WILLIAM DIMOND.

Look on these waters, with how soft a kiss
They woo the pebbled shore ! then steal away,
Like wanton lovers,—but to come again,
And die in music.

G. CROLY.

SONG IN ABSENCE.

The mighty ocean rolls and raves,
To part us with its angry waves ;
But, arch on arch, from shore to shore,
In a vast fabric reaching o'er,

With careful labors daily wrought,
By steady hope and tender thought,
The wide and weltering waste above,
Our hearts have bridged it with their love.

There fond anticipations fly
To rear the growing structure high,
Dear memories upon either side
Combine to make it large and wide.

There happy fancies, day by day,
New courses sedulously lay ;

There soft solitudes, sweet fears,
And doubts accumulate, and tears ;

While the pure purpose of the soul,
To form of many parts a whole,
To make them strong and hold them true,
From end to end, is carried through.

Then when the waters war between,
Upon the masonry unseen,
Secure and swift, from shore to shore,
With silent footfall traveling o'er ;

Our sundered spirits come and go,
Hither and thither, to and fro,
Pass and repass, now linger near,
Now part, anew to reappear.

With motions of a glad surprise,
We meet each other's wondering eyes,
At work, at play, when people talk,
And when we sleep, and when we walk.

Each dawning day my eyelids see,
You come methinks, across to me,
And I at every hour anew,
Could dream I traveled o'er to you.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry :
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark, the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud !
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

The ocean hath its pearls,
The Heaven hath its stars,
But oh, my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the seas and the heavens,
Yet greater is my heart—
And fairer than pearls and stars,
Glistens and glows my love.

Thou little youthful maiden,
Come unto my mighty heart!
My heart, and the sea and the heavens,
Are melting away with love.

HEINE.

THE SHIPWRECK.

It is the midnight hour;—the beauteous sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven dis-
closes;

While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes
The mighty moon, she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love;
A zone of dim and tender light,
That makes her wakeful eye more bright;
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellowed day.

And lo ! upon the murmuring waves
A glorious shape appearing !
A broad-winged vessel, through the shower
Of glimmering lustre steering !—
As if the beauteous ship enjoyed
The beauty of the sea.
She lifted up her stately head,
And saileth joyfully.
A lovely path before her lies,
A lovely path behind ;
She sails amid the loveliness
Like a thing with heart and mind.

Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair,
Slowly she beareth on ;
A glorious phantom of the deep,
Risen up to meet the moon.
The moon bids her tenderest radiance fall,
On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings,
And the quiet voice of the rocking sea,
To cheer the gliding vision, sings.
Oh, ne'er did sky and water blend
In such a holy sleep,
Or bathe in brighter quietude
A roamer of the deep.

But, list ! a low and moaning sound
At distance heard, like a spirit's song !
And now it reigns above, around,
As if it called the ship along.

The moon is sunk, and a clouded gray
Declares that her course is run,
And, like a god who brings the day,
Up mounts the glorious sun.
Soon as his light has warmed the seas,
From the parting cloud fresh blows the breeze !
And that is the spirit whose well-known song
Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.

No fear hath she ! her giant form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm would go.
'Mid the deep darkness white as snow !
But gently now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse forever and aye,
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast !
Hush, hush, thou vain dreamer ! This hour is
her last.

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck ;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.

Her sails are draggled in the brine,
That gladdened late the skies,
And her pennant that kissed the fair moonshine
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow-hues
Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow :
To the coral rocks are hurrying down,
To sleep amid colors as bright as their own.

Oh, many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death ;
And sights of home, with sighs disturbed
The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming tree,
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy,
To the dangers his father had passed ;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she looked on the father of her child
Returned to her heart at last.

He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.

Astounded the reeling deck he paces,
'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;—
The whole ship's crew are there.
Wailings around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupefied or dead,
And madness and despair.

Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
Unbroken as the floating air;
The ship hath melted quite away,
Like a struggling dream at break of day.
No image meets my wandering eye,
But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.
Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapor
dull
Bedims the waves so beautiful;
While a low and melancholy moan
Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

JOHN WILSON.

SONNET.

How calm the sky!
Rest, ocean, rest.
From storm and ruffle free,
Calm as the image on thy breast
Of her that governs thee!
And yet beneath the moon's mild reign
Thy broad breast heaves as one in pain,
Thou dark and silent sea.

R. HEBER.

THE SEA.

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go.
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow !

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change ;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea !

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE SONG OF THE WRECK.

The wind blew high, the waters raved,
A ship drove on the land,
A hundred human creatures saved
Kneel'd down upon the sand.
Three-score were drown'd, three-score were
thrown
Upon the black rocks wild,
And thus among them, left alone,
They found one hapless child.

A seaman rough, to shipwreck bred,
Stood out from all the rest,

And gently laid the lonely head
Upon his honest breast.
And travelling o'er the desert wide
It was a solemn joy,
To see them, ever side by side,
The sailor and the boy.

In famine, sickness, hunger, thirst,
The two were still but one,
Until the strong man drooped the first
And felt his labors done.
Then to a trusty friend he spake,
"Across the desert wide,
O take this poor boy for my sake!"
And kissed the child and died.

Toiling along in weary plight
Through heavy jungle, mire,
These two came later every night
To warm them at the fire.
Until the captain said one day,
"O seaman good and kind,
To save thyself now come away,
And leave the boy behind!"

The child was slumbering near the blaze;
"O captain, let him rest
Until it sinks, when God's own ways
Shall teach us what is best!"

They watched the whiten'd ashy heap,
They touched the child in vain ;
They did not leave him there asleep,
He never woke again.

CHARLES DICKENS.

PROLOGUE TO "THE LIGHT-HOUSE."

A story of those rocks where doom'd ships come
To cast them wreck'd upon the steps of home,
Where solitary men, the long years through—
The wind their music and the brine their view—
Warn mariners to shun the beacon-light :
A story of those rocks is here to-night.
Eddystone Lighthouse !
In its ancient form,
Ere he who built it wish'd for the great storm
That shiver'd it to nothing, once again
Behold outgleaming on the angry main !
Within it are three men ; to these repair
In our frail bark of Fancy, swift as air !
They are but shadows, as the rower grim
Took none but shadows in the boat with him.
So be ye shades, and, for a little space,
The real world a dream without a trace.
Return is easy. It will have ye back
Too soon to the old beaten dusty track ;
For but one hour forget it. Billows rise,

Blow, winds, fall, rain, be black, ye midnight
skies ;

And you who watch the light, arise ! arise !

WILKIE COLLINS.

A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time !

Let us glide adown the stream

Gently—as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream !

Humble voyagers are we,

Husband, wife, and children three

(One is lost—an angel, fled

To the azure overhead !)

Touch us gently, Time !

We've not proud nor soaring wings ;

Our ambition, *our* content,

Lies in simpler things.

Humble voyagers are we

O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,

Seeking only some calm clime ;—

Touch us *gently*, gentle Time !

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE RIVER.

River ! River ! little River !

Bright you sparkle on your way,

O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! River! swelling River!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! River! brimming River!
Broad and deep and *still* as Time;
Teeming *still*—yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River! River! rapid River!
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

River! River! headlong River!
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

SONNET ON COLUMBUS.

The crimson sun was sinking down to rest,
Pavilioned on the cloudy verge of heaven ;
And Ocean, on her gently heaving breast,
Caught and flashed back the varying tints of
even ;
When on a fragment from the tall cliff riven,
With folded arms, and doubtful thoughts oppressed,
Columbus sat, till sudden hope was given—
A ray of gladness, shooting from the West.
Oh, what a glorious vision for mankind
Then dawned above the twilight of his mind—
Thoughts shadowy still, but indistinctly grand !
There stood his Genius, face to face, and signed
(So legends tell) far seaward with her hand—
Till a new world sprang up, and bloomed beneath
her wand.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

Oh, that the Desert were my dwelling place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her !
Ye Elements !—in whose ennobling stir

I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our
lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar;
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean!—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise,

And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he
wields

For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,

And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies

His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth ; there let him
lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,

The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take

Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save
thee—

Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are
they ?

Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage : their decay

Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form

Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,

Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,

Iceing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving!—boundless, endless and sublime—

The image of Eternity—the throne

Of the Invisible: even from out thy slime

The monsters of the deep are made; each zone

Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread fathomless,
alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy

Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be.

Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy

I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me

Were a delight; and if the freshening sea

Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,

For I was as it were a child of thee,

And trusted to thy billows far and near,

And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

THE WAVE.

“Whither, thou turbid wave?

Whither, with so much haste,

As if a thief wert thou?”

"I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust ;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

LONGFELLOW.

THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.

How gallantly, how merrily,
We ride along the sea !
The morning is all sunshine,
The wind is blowing free ;
The billows are all sparkling,
And bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins
The blood is running bright.
All nature knows our triumph :
Strange birds about us sweep ;
Strange things come up to look at us,
The masters of the deep ;
In our wake, like any servant,
Follows even the bold shark—
Oh, proud must be our admiral
Of such a bonny bark !

Proud, proud, must be our admiral
 (Though he is pale to-day),
Of twice five hundred iron men,
 Who all his nod obey ;
Who've fought for him, and conquered—
 Who've won, with sweat and gore,
Nobility ! which he shall have
 Whene'er he touch the shore.
Oh, would I were our admiral,
 To order, with a word—
To lose a dozen drops of blood,
 And straight rise up a lord !
I'd shout e'en to yon shark there,
 Who follows in our lee,
"Some day I'll make thee carry me,
 Like lightning through the sea."

—The Admiral grew paler,
 And paler as we flew :
Still talked he to his officers,
 And smiled upon his crew ;
And he looked up at the heavens,
 And he looked down on the sea,
And at last he spied the creature
 That kept following in our lee.
He shook—it was but an instant,
 For speedily the pride
Ran crimson to his heart,
 Till all chances he defied ;

It threw boldness on his forehead,
 Gave firmness to his breath ;
 And he stood like some grim warrior
 New risen up from death.

That night a horrid whisper
 Fell on us where we lay,
 And we knew our fine old admiral
 Was changing into clay ;
 And we heard the wash of waters,
 Though nothing could we see,
 And a whistle and a plunge
 Among the billows in our lee !
 Till dawn we watched the body
 In its dead and ghastly sleep,
 And next evening at sunset
 It was slung into the deep !
 And never, from that moment,
 Save *one* shudder through the sea,
 Saw we (or heard) the shark
 That had followed in our lee.

BARRY CORNWALL.

GLENGARIFF.

A sun-burst on the bay ! Turn and behold !
 The restless waves, resplendent in their glory,
 Sweep glittering past yon purpled promontory,
 Bright as Apollo's breast plate. Bathed in gold.

Yon bastioned islet gleams. Thin mists are
rolled
Translucent through each glen. A mantle hoary
Veils those peaked hills, shapely as e'er in story,
Delphic, or Alpine, or Vesuvian old,
Minstrels have sung. From rock and headland
proud
The wild wood spreads its arms around the bay;
The manifold mountain cones, now dark, now
bright,
Now seen, now lost, alternate from rich light
To spectral shade; and each dissolving cloud
Reveals new mountains while it floats away.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

“The rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

“The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play;
And everything, that can sing and fly,
Goes with us, and far away.

“I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence,
With thy fluttering golden band?”—

"I greet thee, little bird ! To the wide sea
I haste from the narrow land."

Full and swollen is every sail ;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us ?
Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house,
With merry companions all."—

"I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone ;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own."

"High over the sails, high over the mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys ?
When thy merry companions are still, at last,
Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice."

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one !
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun."

"Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow ;

And this same song, my whole life long,
Neither Poet nor Printer may know."

LONGFELLOW.

From the German.

IN THE FISHER'S CABIN.

We sat in the fisher's cabin,
Looking out upon the sea.
Then came the mists of evening,
Ascending silently.

The lights began in the lighthouse
One after another to burn,
And on the far horizon
A ship we could still discern.

We spake of storm and shipwreck,
The sailor and how he thrives,
And how betwixt heaven and ocean,
And joy and sorrow he strives.

We spake of distant countries,
South, North, and everywhere,
And of the curious people,
And curious customs there ;

The fragrance and light of the Ganges,
That giant-trees embower,
Where a beautiful tranquil people
Kneel to the lotus flower ;

Of the unclean folk in Lapland,
Broad-mouthed and flat-headed and small.
Who cower upon the hearth-stone,
Bake fish, and cackle and squall.

The maidens listened gravely,
Then never a word was said.
The ship we could see no longer ;
It was far too dark o'erhead.

HEINE.

THE ANGLER'S ART.

"My father loved the patient angler's art,
And many a summer's day, from early morn
To latest evening, by some streamlet's side,
We two have tarried ; strange companionship !
A sad and silent man ; a joyous child !
Yet those were days, as I recall them now,
Supremely happy. Silent though he was,
My father's eyes were often on his child
Tenderly eloquent—and his few words
Were kind and gentle. Never angry tone
Repulsed me if I broke upon his thoughts
With childish question. But I learned at last,
Intuitively learned to hold my peace.
When the dark hour was on him, and deep sighs
Spoke the perturbed spirit—only then
I crept a little closer to his side,
And stole my hand in his, or on his arm

Laid my cheek softly ; till the simple wile
Won on his sad abstraction, and he turned
With a faint smile, and sighed and shook his head,
Stooping toward me ; so I reached at last
Mine arm about his neck and clasped it close,
Printing his pale brow with a silent kiss.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

STANZAS.

Written in Dejection near Naples.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright :
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple moon's transparent light ;
The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods.
The city's soft voice itself is soft like solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :
I sit upon the sands alone ;
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone

Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my
emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned,—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure,
Others I see whom these surround,—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not—and yet regret.

Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory
yet.

SHELLEY.

SIGHINGS FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

At the stent o' my string,
When a fourth of the earth
Lay 'tween me and Scotland—
Dear land o' my birth,—
Wi' the richest of valleys,
And waters as bright
As the sun in midsummer
Illumes wi' his light,—
And surrounded wi' a'
That the heart or the head,
The body or the mon'
O' mortal could need,—
I ha'e paused in sic plenty,
And stuck in my track,
As a tug frae my tether
Would mak' me look back,—
Look back to auld hills
In their red heather bloom,
To glens wi' their burnies,
And hillocks o' broom,—

To some loup in our loch,—
Whar the wave gaes to sleep,
Or the black craggy headlands
That bulwark the deep;—
Wi' the sea lashing in
Wi' the wind and the tide—
Ay, 'twas then that I sickened,
'Twas then that I cried :—

O! gie me a sough o' the auld saut sea,
A scent o' his brine again,
To stiffen the wilt that this wilderness
Has brought on this breast and brain.

Let me hear his roar on the rocky shore,
His thud on the shelly sand;
For my spirit's bowed, and my heart is dowed,
Wi' the gloom o' this forest land.

Your sweeping floods an' your waving woods
Look brave in the suns o' June;
But the breath o' the swamp brews a sickly damp,
And there's death in the dark lagoon.

Ay, gie me the jaup o' the dear auld saut,
A scent o' his brine again!
To stiffen the wilt that this wilderness
Has laid on this bosom and brain.

HEW AINSLIE.

CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but him had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm,—
A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though childlike, form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
 Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud :—" Say, father, say
 If yet my task is done !"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,
 " If I may yet be gone !"
And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
 In still yet brave despair :

And shouted but once more aloud,
 “My father, must I stay?”
While o’er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
 The boy—oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea!—

With mast and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
 Was that young faithful heart!

FELICIA HEMANS.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

My boat is on the shore,
 And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
 Here’s a double health to thee!

Here’s a sigh to those who love me,
 And a smile to those who hate;

And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on ;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Would be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.
LORD BYRON.

THOU FAIREST FISHER MAIDEN.

Thou fairest fisher maiden,
Row thy boat to the land ;
Come here and sit beside me,
Whispering, hand in hand.

Lay thy head on my bosom,
And have no fear of me ;
For carelessly thou trustest
Daily the savage sea.

My heart is like the ocean,
With storm and ebb and flow,
And many a pearl lies hidden
Within its depth below.

The moon is up, and brightly
Beams o'er the waters vast,
I clasp my darling tightly ;
Our hearts are beating fast.

In the dear child's bosom nestling,
Alone I lie on the sand,
"Hear'st thou the wild winds rustling?
Why trembles thy foam-white hand?"

"That is no wild wind sighing,
That is the mermaids' lay ;
And they are my sisters crying,
Whom the sea swallowed one day."

HEINE.

THE PASSAGE.

Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave ;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades, true and tried ;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those days of yore—
Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee!—
Take, I give it willingly—
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

MRS. SARAH AUSTIN.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

“Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.”

“And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow.”

“Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Did'st thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.”

“And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?”

“Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?”

“Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side.”

LONGFELLOW.
From the German.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew.
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow :
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, when the tides and billows flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the wind and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air ;
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter ;
There with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea ;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea :
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own ;
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,

THE GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE. 69

When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore :
Then far below in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

THE GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

Where is the sea?—I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks in fleet career,
And flags and breezes free!

I miss that voice of waves—the first
That woke my childish glee :
The measured chime—the thundering burst—
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh ! rich your myrtles' breath may rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be ;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
I hear the whispering tree ;
The echoes of my soul are mute—
Where is my own blue sea?

FELICIA HEMANS.

NO COURSE I CARED TO KEEP.

How long I sailed and never took a thought
To what port I was bound ! Secure as sleep,
And perilous sea. I dwelt upon the bosom of the
deep

And though my ship was fraught
With rare and precious fancies, jewels brought
From fairy-land, no course I cared to keep.
Nor changeful wind nor tide I heeded aught,
But joyed to feel the merry billows leap,
And watch the sunbeams dallying with the
waves ;

Or haply dream what realms beneath may lie,
Where the clear ocean is an emerald sky,
And mermaids warble in their coral caves,
Yet vainly woo me to their secret home ;—
And sweet it were forever so to roam !

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

A CANOE CANZONET.

In your canoe, love, when you are going,
With white sail flowing, and merry song ;
In your canoe, love, with ripples gleaming
And sunshine beaming, you drift along !
While you are dreaming, or idly singing,
Your sweet voice ringing, when skies are blue,
In summer days, love, on water-ways, love,
You like to laze, love,—in your canoe !

In your canoe, love, I'd be a tripper,
If you were skipper and I were mate :
In your canoe, love, where sedges shiver
And willows quiver, we'd navigate !
Upon the River, you'd ne'er be lonely,
For, if you only had room for two,
I'd pass my leisure with greatest pleasure
With you, my treasure,—in your canoe.

In your canoe, love, when breezes sigh light,
In tender twilight, we'd drift away ;
In your canoe, love, light as a feather,
Were we together—what *should* I say ?
In sunny weather, were Fates propitious,
A tale delicious I'd tell to you !
In quiet spots, love, forget-me-nots, love,
We'd gather lots, love,—in your canoe.

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

AT SEA.

Worn voyagers, who watch for land
Across the endless wastes of sea,
Who gaze before and on each hand,
Why look ye not to what ye flee ?

The stars by which the sailors steer
Not always rise before the prow ;
Though forward naught but clouds appear,
Behind, they may be breaking now.

What though we may not turn again
To shores of childhood that we leave,
Are those old signs we followed vain?
Can guides so oft found true deceive?

Oh, sail we to the south or north,
Oh, sail we to the east or west,
The port from which we first put forth,
Is our heart's home, is our life's best.
F. W. BOURDILLON.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

Somewhere, out on the blue seas sailing,
Where the winds dance and spin;
Beyond the reach of my eager hailing,
Over the breakers' din;
Out where the dark storm-clouds are lifting,
Out where the blinding fog is drifting,
Out where the treacherous sand is shifting,
My ship is coming in.

Oh, I have watched till my eyes were aching,
Day after weary day;
Oh, I have hoped till my heart was breaking,
While the long nights ebbed away;
Could I but know where the waves had tossed her,
Could I but know what storms had crossed her,
Could I but know where the winds had lost her,
Out in the twilight gray!

But though the storms her course have altered,
Surely the port she'll win ;
Never my faith in my ship has faltered,
I know she is coming in.
For through the restless ways of her roaming,
Through the mad rush of the wild waves foaming,
Through the white crest of the billows combing,
My ship is coming in.

Breasting the tides where the gulls are flying,
Swiftly she's coming in ;
Shallows and deeps and rocks defying,
Bravely she's coming in ;
Precious the love she will bring to bless me,
Snowy the arms she will bring to caress me,
In the proud purple of kings she will dress me,
My ship that is coming in.

White in the sunshine her sails will be gleaming,
See, where my ship comes in ;
At mast-head and peak her colors streaming,
Proudly she's sailing in ;
Love, hope, and joy on her decks are cheering,
Music will welcome her glad appearing,
And my heart will sing at her stately nearing
When my ship comes in.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

IN GRAY CLOUDS CLOSELY MUFFLED.

All in gray clouds closely muffled,
Now the high gods sleep together,
And I listen to their snoring,
Here below in stormy weather.

Stormy weather, raging tempest
Soon the helpless vessel shatters,
Who these furious winds can bridle?
Who can curb the lordless waters?

I can ne'er control the tempest,
Over deck and masthead sweeping;
I will wrap me in my mantle,
And will sleep as gods are sleeping.

The night-wind draws his trousers on,—
His foam-white hose once more;
He wildly whips the waves anon,
They howl, and rage, and roar.

From yon dark heights, with frantic might,
The rain pours ceaselessly,
It seems as if the ancient night
Would drown the ancient sea.

Anigh the mast the sea-mew screams
With hoarse shrieks, flying low,
Its every cry an omen seems,
A prophecy of woe.

The storm for a dance is piping,
With bellow and roar and hiss,
Hurrah ! how the ship is tossing,
What a merry wild night is this !

A living mountain of water
The sea upheaves with might,
Here an abyss is yawning ;
There towers a foaming height.

And sounds of retching and curses
Forth from the cabin come ;
And I to the mast close clinging,
Long to be safe at home.

HEINE.

From "Homeward Bound."

THE LEE SHORE.

Sleet, and hail, and thunder !
And ye winds that rave,
Till the sands there under
Tinge the sullen wave—

Winds that like a demon
Howl with horrid note
Round the toiling seaman
In his tossing boat—

From his humble dwelling
On the shingly shore,

Where the billows swelling
Keep such hollow roar—

From that weeping woman,
Seeking with her cries
Succor superhuman
From the frowning skies—

From the urchin pining
For his father's knee—
From the lattice shining,
Drive him out to sea!

Let broad leagues dissever
Him from yonder foam;—
O God! to think man ever
Comes too near his home!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane."

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened
steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be ?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be ?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be ?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS. 79

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the light and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

LONGFELLOW.

"EN VOYAGE."

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so :
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone ;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas ;
What blows for one a favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a higher Will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me

Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within the sheltered haven at last.

Then whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so :
And, blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

CAROLINE A. MASON.

WITH THE TIDE.

Wave by wave, o'er the sandy bar,
Up to the coast lights, glimmering wan,
Out of the darkness deep and far,
Slowly the tide came creeping on.
Through the clamor of billowy strife
Another voice went wailing thin ;
The first faint cry of a new-born life
Broke on the night—and the tide was in.

Wane by wane o'er the sandy bar,
Back again from the sleeping town,
Back to the darkness deep and far,
Slowly the tide went dropping down.
Silence lay on the chamber of death ;
Silence lay on the land about ;
The last low flutter of weary breath
Fell on the night—and the tide was out.

NEARING PORT.

The noble river widens as we drift,
And the deep waters more than brackish grow ;
We note the sea-birds flying to and fro,
And feel the ocean-currents plainly lift
Our bark, and yet our course we would not shift :
These are but signs by which the boatmen know
They're drawing near the port to which they go
To land their cargo or to bring their gift.
So may our lives reach out on either hand,
Broader and broader, as the end draws near ;
So may we seek God's truths to understand,
As the sea-birds shelter seek when storms appear ;
So may the currents of the heavenly sea
Lift us and bear us to eternity.

C. P. R.

THE IMPUDENCE OF STEAM.

Over the billows and over the brine,
Over the water to Palestine !
Am I awake, or do I dream ?
Over the ocean to Syria by steam !
My say is sooth, by this right hand ;
 A steamer brave
 Is on the wave,
Bound positively for the Holy Land !
Godfrey of Bulgine, and thou

Richard, lion-hearted king,
Candidly inform us, now.

Did you ever?

No, you never

Could have fancied such a thing.

Never such vociferations

Entered your imaginations

As the ensuing—

“Ease her, stop her!”

“Any gentleman for Joppa?”

“’Mascus, ’Mascus?” “Ticket, please, sir!”

“Tyre or Sidon?” “Stop her, ease her!”

“Jerusalem, ’lem! ’lem!”—“Shur! Shur!”

“Do you go on to Egypt, sir?”

“Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?”

“Now look alive there! Who’s for Cairo?”

“Back her!” “Stand clear, I say, old file!”

“What gent or lady’s for the Nile,

“Or Pyramids?” “Thebes! Thebes, sir!”

“Steady!”

“Now where’s that party for Engedi?”—

Pilgrims holy, Red Cross Knights,

Had ye e’er the least idea,

Even in your wildest flights,

Of a steam trip to Judea?

What next marvel Time will show,

It is difficult to say:

"Bus," perchance to Jericho ;
 "Only sixpence all the way."
Cabs in Solyma may ply,
 —'Tis a not unlikely tale—
And from Dan the tourist hie
 Unto Beersheba by "rail."

THOMAS HOOD.

HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

For England when with favoring gale
 Our gallant ship up Channel steered,
And, scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appeared ;
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerily sung,
 "By the deep—nine !"

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view ;
An abbey-tower, the harbor-fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true ;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 "By the mark—seven !"

And as the much-loved shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.

The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
 "Quarter less—five!"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh;
 We shorten sail—she feels the tide—
"Stand clear the cable," is the cry—
 The anchor's gone; we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night
We hear the seaman with delight
 Proclaim—"All's well!"

ANONYMOUS.

GO, SIT BY THE SUMMER SEA.

Go, sit by the summer sea,
 Thou whom scorn wasteth,
And let thy musing be
 Where the flood hasteth.
Mark how o'er ocean's breast
Rolls the hoar billow's crest:
Such is his heart's unrest,
 Who of love tasteth!

Griev'st thou that hearts should change?
 Lo! where life reigneth,
Or the free sight doth range,
 What long remaineth?

Spring with her flowers doth die ;
Fast fades the gilded sky ;
And the full-moon on high
Ceaselessly waneth.

Smile then, ye sage and wise !
And if love sever
Bonds which thy soul doth prize,
Such does it ever !
Deep as the rolling seas,
Soft as the twilight breeze,—
And yet of more than these
Boast could it never !

ANONYMOUS.

TARPAULINE.

A Sketch at Ryde.

A pretty picture is it not,
Beneath the awning of the yacht ?
A beauty of sixteen,
She wears a trim tarpauline hat,
So now you know the reason that
I call her Tarpauline.

A taut serge dress of Navy blue,
A boatswain's silver whistle, too,
She wears when she's afloat ;
An open collar, and I wot,
A veritable sailor's knot
Around her pretty throat.

She has a glance that pleads and kills ;
And 'mid her shy and snowy frills

A little foot appears ;
She has the softest sunny locks,
The compass she knows how to box,
And, when it's needful—ears !

The smartest little sailor-girl,
Who'll steer or "bear a hand" or furl,
And I am told she oft
Quite longs to reef her petticoats,
And gleefully to "girl the boats,"
Or glibly go aloft !

But now how lazily she lies !
And droops those tender trustful eyes
Unutterably sweet !
While snugly 'neath the bulwark curled,
Forgetting all about the world,
The *World* is at her feet !

With tiny, dimpled, sunburnt hand,
She pats the solemn Newfoundland
Who crouches at her side,
She's thinking—not of me nor you,
When smiling as she listens to
The lapping of the tide.

O, were I pressed aboard that ship,
How joyfully I'd take a trip,
For change of air and scene !

I'd soon pack up a carpet-bag,
And gladly sail beneath the flag,
Of bonny Tarpauline !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

SONGS TO SERAPHINE.

I.

Over all the quiet sea-shore
Shadowing falls the hour of Hesper ;
Through the clouds the moon is breaking,
And I hear the billows whisper,

“Can that man who wanders yonder
Be a lover or a dunce ?
For he seems so sad and merry,
Sad and merry both at once.”

But the laughing moon looks downward,
And she speaks, for she doth know it :
“Yes he is both fool and lover,
And, to cap it all, a poet !”

II.

Behold ! 'tis a foam-white sea-mew
That flutters there on high.
Far over the black night-waters
The moon hangs up in the sky.

The shark and the roach dart forward
For breath as the breeze floats by,
The sea-mew poises and plunges,
The moon hangs up in the sky.

Oh, lovely transient spirit,
How heavy of heart am I!
Too near to thee is the water,
The moon hangs up in the sky.

III.

In moonlight splendor rests the sea,
The soft waves ripple along,
My heart beats low and heavily,
I think of the ancient song.

The ancient song that quaintly sings
Towns lost in olden times ;
And how from the sea's abyss there rings
The sound of prayers and chimes.

But pious prayers and chimes I ween,
Are offered all in vain
For that which once hath buried been
May never come back again.

IV.

How enviously the sea-mew
Looks after us, my dear ;

Because upon thy lips then
So close I pressed mine ear.

He fain would know what issued,
Most curious of birds !
If thou mine ear fulfillest
With kisses or with words.

What through my spirit hisses ?
I, too, am sore perplexed !
Thy words, dear, and thy kisses
Are strangely intermixed.

V.

Shy as a fawn she passed me by ;
And, fleet as any heifer,
She clambered on from cliff to cliff,
Her hair flew with the zephyr.

Where to the sea's edge slope the rocks,
I reached her, trembling near it.
Then, softly with the softest words,
I melted her proud spirit.

There we two sat as high as heaven,
And heaven's own rapture drinking,
While in the dark waves far below,
The gradual sun was sinking.

Below us in the deep, dark sea,
The fair sun dropped : then dashing,

The waves broke wildly over him,
With turbulence of passion.

Oh do not weep ! he is not dead,
'Neath billows swelling higher ;
He has but hidden in my heart,
With all his burning fire.

VI.

Gray night broods above the ocean,
Little stars gleam sparkling o'er us,
And the waters' many voices
Chant in deep, protracted chorus.

Hark ! the old northwind is playing
On the polished waves of ocean,
That, like tubes of some great organ,
Thrill and stir with sounding motion

And with mighty roar and trembling,
Sky and ocean both are ringing ;
And a giant's stormy rapture
Feel I in my bosom springing.

VII.

She stood beside the ocean,
And sighed as one oppressed,
With such a deep emotion
The sunset thrilled her breast.

Dear maiden, look more gayly,
This trick is old, thou'lt find.
Before us sinks he daily,
To rise again behind.

VIII.

The roaring waves press onward
To reach the strand,
Then swell and, crashing downward,
Break on the sand.

They roll with surging power,
Nor rest, nor fail—
And then ebb slow and slower—
Of what avail?

IX.

The waves gleam in the sunshine,
They seem of gold to be.
When I am dead, my brothers,
Oh drop me in the sea.

For dearly have I loved it,
Like cooling balm descends
Upon my heart its current :
We were the best of friends.

HEINE.

GENIUS.

Far out at sea—the sun was high,
While veered the wind, and flapped the sail—
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale,
Far out at sea.

The little stranger, who had lost
His way, of danger nothing knew ;
Settled awhile upon the mast,
Then fluttered o'er the waters blue ;
Far out at sea.

Above, there gleamed the boundless sky ;
Beneath, the boundless ocean sheen ;
Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit-life in this vast scene ;
Far out at sea.

Away he sped with shimmering glee !
Dim, indistinct—now seen—now gone ;
Night comes, with wind and rain—and he
No more will dance before the morn,
Far out at sea.

He dies unlike his mates, I ween ;
Perhaps not sooner, nor worse crossed ;
And he hath felt, and known, and seen,
A larger life and hope—though lost,
Far out at sea.

ANONYMOUS.

THE GOING OF MY BRIDE.

By the brink of the river our parting was fond,
But I whispered the words soft and low;
For a band of bright angels were waiting beyond
And my bride of a day was to go:

Was to go from our shore, with its headland of
years,
On a water whose depths were untold;
And the boat was to float on this River of Tears,
Till it blent with an ocean of gold.

Our farewell was brief as the fall of a tear—
The minutes like winged spirits flew,
When my bride whispered low, that a shallop
drew near,
And the beck of the boatman she knew.

Then I spoke in one kiss all the passion of years,
For I knew that our parting was nigh;
Yet I saw not the end—I was blinded by tears,
And a light had gone out from the sky.

But I caught the faint gleam of an outdrifting
sail,
And the dip of a silver-tipped oar;
And knew by the low, rustling sigh of the gale,
That a spirit had gone from the shore.

All alone in my grief, I now sit on the sand,
Where so often she sat by my side ;
And I long for the shallop to come to the strand,
That again I may sit by my bride.

ANONYMOUS.

THE KING'S SHIPS.

God has so many ships upon the sea ;
His are the merchantmen that carry treasure,
The men-of-war, all bannered gallantly,
The little other boats, and barks of pleasure.
On all this sea of time there is not one
That sailed without the glorious name thereon.

The winds go up and down upon the sea,
And some they lightly clasp, entreating kindly,
And waft them to the port where they would be.
And other ships they buffet long and blindly.
The cloud comes down on the great sinking deep,
And on the shore the watchers stand and weep.

And God hath many wrecks within the sea ;
Oh, it is deep ! I look in fear and wonder ;
The wisdom throned above is dark to me,
Yet it is sweet to think his care is under ;
That yet the sunken treasure may be drawn
Into his storehouse—when the sea is gone.

So I, that sail in peril on the sea,
With my beloved, whom the waves may cover,

Say, "God hath more than angel's care of me,
And larger share than I in friend and lover,
Why weep ye so, ye watchers on the land?
This deep is but the hollow of his hand."

CAROLINE SPENCER.

BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON.

FISHERMAN JOB.

Well, young 'un, you're mighty smooth spoken,
an' it all may be as you say,
That God never interferes with us, but lets each
one go on his own way;
But when heaven has silvered your locks with
the snows of some eighty odd year—
As it has mine, an' always in marcy—you'll re-
gret this wild fancy, I fear.

Just let me spin ye a yarn, sir, as happened a
long time ago
To me, an' if such is all luck, why, I hope it'll
always hold on ;
It's now nearly three score summers since this
incident happened to me,—
Just after I'd married my wife, an' settled down
here by the sea.

For I was a fisherman born, sir, lovin' always the
wild waves to ride ;
They're the type of my life, an' I'm thinkin' that
it's now near the ebb o' the tide.
There were three of us then as were partners in
the trimmest an' snug little boat
As ever was true to her colors, just a bright little
"Sunbeam" afloat.

We had a long run o' good luck, sir; wi' the
weather as fair as could be,
An' the morrow were goin' again, when the gray
light first dawned on the sea.

But before I was fairly turned out, it seemed as
I heard something say,
"There's breakers ahead o' ye, Job; don't go on
the sea, lad, to-day!"

At first I felt kind o' scared like, but I thought
'twas all fancy, you see,
So I took a good look at the sky; 'twas as clear
an' as bright as could be.

But it still seemed to whisper, "Beware!" an'
the breeze crept by soughin' an' slow,
An' a voice, like a wail for the dead, with each
gust seemed to murmur, "Don't go!"

Then I got kind o' nettled to think that my narves
should sarve me that way;

An' I says to myself, "You're an ass, Job, but
you'll go for all that, lad, this day!"

So I kissed my wife a hasty good-by, an' set off
a-hummin' a song,

Till the path took a turn by the cliff at whose foot
the sand stretches along.

Then what happened I never could tell; but the
first I remember, I know,

The cliff were a-frownin' above me, an' I, stunned
and bruised, down below.

An' my wife kneelin' there by my side, an' lookin'
as frightened as if

I were dead. Says she, "Job, were ye crazy?
Ye walked right straight off of the cliff!"

I didn't say much; an', of course, my partners
went that day alone;

An' I lay on my bed kind o' happy to find, after
all, I'd not gone.

But the strangest of all is yet comin'; for that
mornin', as fair as could be,

Was followed ere noon by a storm as was fairly
terrific to see.

We waited in agony, knowin' such a sea the boat
could not outride;

An' were thankful when even the bodies were
laid at our feet by the tide.

It's no use in askin' my fate, if that mornin' I
only had gone;

An' if such things all happen by luck, why I hope
it 'ill always hold on.

JAMES ROANN REED.

THE MARINER'S BRIDE.

Look, mother! the mariner's rowing

His galleys adown the tide;

I'll go where the mariner's going,

And be the mariner's bride!

I saw him one day through the wicket,
I opened the gate and we met—
As a bird in the fowler's net,
Was I caught in my own green thicket.
Oh, mother, my tears are flowing,
I've lost my maidenly pride—
I'll go if the mariner's going,
And be the mariner's bride !

This Love, the tyrant evinces,
Alas ! an omnipotent might,
He darkens the mind like Night ;
He treads on the necks of Princes !
Oh, mother, my bosom is glowing,
I'll go whatever betide,
I'll go where the mariner's going,
I'll be the mariner's bride !

Yes, mother ! the spoiler has reft me
Of reason and self-control ;
Gone, gone is my wretched soul,
And only my body is left me !
The winds, oh mother, are blowing,
The ocean is bright and wide ;
I'll go where the mariner's going,
And be the mariner's bride !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

TO SEA!

To sea! to sea! the calm is o'er,
The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore;
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
And unseen mermaids' pearly song
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:
To sea! to sea! The calm is o'er.

To sea! to sea! our white winged bark
Shall billowing cleave its watery way,
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
Break the caved Triton's azure day,
Like mountain eagle soaring light
O'er antelopes on Alpine height!
The anchor heaves! The ship swings free!
Our sails swell full! To sea! to sea!

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

IN BAY CHALEUR.

The birds no more in dooryard trees are singing,
The purple swallows all have left the eaves,
And 'thwart the sky the broken clouds are wing-
ing,
Shading the land-slopes, bright with harvest-
sheaves,

Old Hannah waits her sailor-boy returning,
His fair young brow to-day she hopes to bless ;
But sees the red sun on the hill-tops burning,
The flying cloud, the wild, cold gloominess
Of Bay Chaleur.

The silver crown had touched her forehead lightly
Since last his hand was laid upon her hair ;
The golden crown will touch her brow more
brightly
Ere he again shall print his kisses there.
The night comes on, the village sinks in slum-
ber,
The rounded moon illumines the water's rim ;
Each evening hour she hears the old clock num-
ber,
But brings the evening no return of him
To Bay Chaleur.

She heard low murmurs in the sandy reaches,
And knew the sea no longer was at rest ;
The black clouds scudded o'er the level beaches,
And barred the moonlight on the ocean's breast.
The night wore on, and grew the shadows longer ;
Far in the distance of the silvered seas,
Tides lapped the rocks, and blew the night-wind
stronger,
Bending the pines and stripping bare the trees
Round Bay Chaleur.

Then Alice came; on Hannah's breast reclining,
She heard the leaves swift whistling in the
breeze,
And, through the lattice, saw the moon declining
In the deep shadows of the rainy seas.
The fire burned warm,—upon the hearth was
sleeping
The faithful dog that used his steps to follow.
“'Tis almost midnight,” whispered Alice, weep-
ing.
While blew the winds more drearily and hollow
O'er Bay Chaleur.

No organ stands beneath a bust of Pallas,
No painted Marius to the ruin clings,
No Ganymede, borne up from airy Hellas,
Looks through the darkness 'neath the eagle's
wings.
But the sweet pictures from the shadowed ceiling
Reflect the firelight near old Hannah's chair,—
One a fair girl, with features full of feeling,
And one a boy, a fisher, young and fair,
Of Bay Chaleur.

The boy returns with humble presents laden,
For on the morrow is his wedding morn;
To the old church he hopes to lead the maiden
Whose head now rests his mother's breast
upon,

Now Hannah droops her cheek, the maiden
presses,—

“He will return when come the morning hours,
And he will greet thee with his fond caresses,
And thou shalt meet him diademed with flowers,”

Sweet Bay Chaleur.

Gray was the morning, but a light more tender
Parted at last the storm-cloud's lingering
glooms ;

The sun looked forth in mellowness and splendor,
Drying the leaves amid the gentian blooms,
And wrecks came drifting to the sandy reaches,
As inward rolled the tide with sullen roar ;
The fishers wandered o'er the sea-washed beaches,
And gathered fragments as they reached the
shore

Of Bay Chaleur.

Then Alice, with the village maidens roaming
Upon the beaches where the breakers swirl,
Espied a fragment 'mid the waters foaming,
And found a casket overlaid with pearl.
It was a treasure, “Happy he who claimed it,”
A maiden said, “'tis worthy of a bride,”
Another maid, “the ocean's dowry” named it ;
But gently Alice, weeping, turned aside,—
Sad Bay Chaleur !—

And went to Hannah with the new-found treasure
And stood again beside the old arm-chair ;
The maids stood round her, radiant with pleasure,
And playful wove the gentians in her hair.

Then Hannah said, her feelings ill dissembling,
"Some sailor-lad this treasure once possessed ;
And now, perhaps," she added, pale and trembling,
"His form lies sleeping 'neath the ocean's
breast,

In Bay Chaleur."

Now on her knee the opened box she places,—
Her trembling hand falls helpless on her breast ;
Into her face look up two pictured faces,
The faces that her sailor-boy loved best.
One picture bears the written words, "My
mother"—

Old Hannah drops her wrinkled cheek in pain ;
"Alice," sweet name, is writ beneath the other—
Old Hannah's tears fall over it like rain.

Dark Bay Chaleur !

The spring will come, the purple swallows bringing,
The green leaves glitter where the gold leaves
fell ;
But nevermore the time of flowers and singing
Will hope revive in her poor heart to dwell.

Life ne'er had brought to her so dark a chalice,
But from her lips escaped no bitter moan ;
They 'mid the gentians made the grave of Alice,
And Hannah lives in her old cot alone

By Bay Chaleur.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

FATE.

As two proud ships upon the pathless main
Meet once and never hope to meet again,—
Meet once with merry signallings and part,
Each homeward bound to swell the crowded mart,
So we two met, one golden summer day,
Within the shelter of life's dreaming bay,
And rested, calmly anchored from the world,
For one brief hour, with snowy pinions furled ;
But when the sun sank low along the west,
We left our harbor, with its peaceful rest,
And floated outward in life's tangled sea.
With foam-kissed waves between us, wild and
free.

As two ships part upon the trackless main,
So we two parted. Shall we meet again ?

DRIFTED OUT TO SEA.

Two little ones, grown tired of play,
Roamed by the sea, one summer day,

Drifted Out To Sea.



Watching the great waves come and go,
Prattling, as children will, you know,
Of dolls and marbles, kites and strings;
Sometimes hinting at graver things.

At last they spied within their reach
An old boat cast upon the beach;
Helter-skelter, with merry din,
Over its sides they scrambled in,—
Ben, with his tangled nut-brown hair,
Bess, with her sweet face flushed and fair.

Rolling in from the briny deep,
Nearer, nearer, the great waves creep,
Higher, higher upon the sands,
Reaching out with their giant hands,
Grasping the boat in boisterous glee,
Tossing it up and out to sea.

The sun went down, 'mid clouds of gold;
Night came, with footsteps damp and cold;
Day dawned; the hours crept slowly by;
And now across the sunny sky
A black cloud stretches far away,
And shuts the golden gate of day.

A storm comes on, with flash and roar,
While all the sky is shrouded o'er;
The great waves rolling from the west,
Bring night and darkness on their breast.

Still floats the boat through driving storm,
Protected by God's powerful arm.

The home-bound vessel, "Sea-bird," lies
In ready trim, 'twixt sea and skies :
Her captain paces, restless now,
A troubled look upon his brow,
While all his nerves with terror thrill,—
The shadow of some coming ill.

The mate comes up to where he stands,
And grasps his arm with eager hands.
"A boat has just swept past," says he,
"Bearing two children out to sea ;
'Tis dangerous now to put about,
Yet they cannot be saved without."

"Naught but their safety will suffice !
They must be saved !" the captain cries.
"By every thought that's just and right,
By lips I hoped to kiss to-night,
I'll peril vessel, life, and men,
And God will not forsake us then."

With anxious faces, one and all,
Each man responded to the call ;
And when at last through driving storm,
They lifted up each little form,
The captain started with a groan :
"My God is good, they are my own !"

ROSA HARTWICK THORPE.

A LITTLE LOVE LETTER.

O pretty pet with the tangled hair,
Down by the sighing summer sea—
O dimpled darling with cheeks so fair,
Tell me, O dearest, when musing there,
Will you think of me?

O sweetest sweet, when the salt breeze sighs
'Mid silken locks ever flowing free,
While gulls glint white against sleepy skies,
Will looks of those bright brown loving eyes
E'er be turned to me?

Ah, laughing child, when your eyes beam bright,
And lips are parted in girlish glee;
When the shore is glad in still summer night,
With your sweet soft smile, and your laughter
light,
Do you smile on me?

When the moon is up, and sleeps the land
To tender music in minor key;
When the silver-ripples hush the strand
And scarcely dimple the golden sand,
Will you dream of me?

Poor little heart! when your cheeks are wet,
With tears that sadden one's heart to see,

Your moist lips tremble—you can't forget ;
Sometimes the sun through the rain shines, pet,
When you weep for me !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

PAIN IN A PLEASURE BOAT.

Boatman.

Shove off there !—ship the rudder,
Bill—cast off ! she's under way !

Mrs. F.

She's under what ?—I hope she's not ! good gracious, what a spray !

Boatman.

Run out the jib, and rig the boom ! keep clear of
those two brigs !

Mrs. F.

I hope they don't intend some joke by running up
their rigs !

Boatman.

Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she's rather
out of trim !

Mrs. F.

Great bags of stones ! they're pretty things to
help a boat to swim !

Boatman.

The wind is fresh—if she don't scud it's not the breeze's fault!

Mrs. F.

Wind fresh, indeed! I never felt the air so full of salt!

Boatman.

That schooner, Bill, hain't left the roads, with oranges and nuts!

Mrs. F.

If seas have roads, they've very rough—I never felt such ruts!

Boatman.

It's neap, ye see, she's heavy lade, and 'couldn't pass the bar.

Mrs. F.

The bar! what, roads with turnpikes too? I wonder where they are!

Boatman.

Ho! Brig ahoy! hard up! hard up! that lubber cannot steer!

Mrs. F.

Yes, yes—hard up upon a rock! I know some danger's near! Lord, there's a wave! it's coming in! and roaring like a bull!

Boatman.

Nothing, ma'am, but a little slop ! go large, Bill !
keep her full !

Mrs. F.

What, keep her full ! what daring work ! when
full, she must go down !

Boatman.

Why, Bill, it lulls ! cease off a bit—it's coming
off the town ! Steady your helm ! we'll clear
the *Pint* ! lay right for yonder pint !

Mrs. F.

Be steady—well, I hope they can ! but they've
got a pint of drink !

Boatman.

Bill, give that sheet another haul—she'll fetch it
up this reach.

Mrs. F.

I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they see it
by that speech ! I wonder what it is, now,
but—I never felt so queer !

Boatman.

Bill, mind your luff—why, Bill I say, she's yaw-
ing—keep her near !

Mrs. F.

Keep near! we're going further off, the land's
behind our backs.

Boatman.

Be easy, ma'am, it's all correct, that's only 'cause
we tacks: we shall have to beat about a bit
—Bill keep her out to sea.

Mrs. F.

Beat who about! keep who at sea?—how black
they look at me!

Boatman.

It's veering round—I knew it would! off with
her head! stand by.

Mrs. F.

Off with her head! whose? where? what with?—
an axe I seem to spy!

Boatman.

She can't keep her own, you see; we shall have
to pull her in.

Mrs. F.

They'll drown me, and take all I have! my life's
not worth a pin!

Boatman.

Look out, you know, be ready, Bill—just when
she takes the sand!

Mrs. F.

The sand—O Lord! to stop my mouth! how
everything is planned!

Boatman.

The hand-pike, Bill—quick, bear a hand! Now,
Ma'am, just step ashore.

Mrs. F.

What! ain't I going to be killed—and weltered
in my gore?

Well, Heaven be praised! but I'll not go a-sail-
ing any more.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE BEACON-LIGHT.

Darkness was deepening o'er the seas,
And still the hulk drove on;
No sail to answer to the breeze,—
Her masts and cordage gone;
Gloomy and drear her course of fear,—
Each looked but for a grave,—
When, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave,

Then wildly rose the gladdening shout
Of all that hardy crew ;
Boldly they put the helm about,
And through the surf they flew.
Storm was forgot, toil heeded not,
And loud the cheer they gave,
As, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

And gayly of the tale they told,
When they were safe on shore ;
How hearts had sunk, and hopes grown cold,
Amid the billows' roar ;
When not a star had shone from far
By its pale light to save,
Then, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

Thus, in the night of Nature's gloom,
When sorrow bows the heart,
When cheering hopes no more illumine,
And comforts all depart ;
Then from afar shines Bethlehem's star,
With cheering light to save ;
And, full in sight, its beacon-light
Comes streaming o'er the grave.

JULIA PARDOE.

MEETING AT NIGHT.

The gray sea and the long black land ;
And the yellow half-moon large and low ;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sweet-scented beach ;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears ;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down ;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the
town ;
For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went
down ;

They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
shower,

And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and
brown.

But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their
hands

For those who will never come home to the
town;

For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!

How's my boy—my boy?"

"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—

He that went to sea—

What care I for the ship, sailor?

My boy's my boy to me.

You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.
How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no—
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!—
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*—”

“Speak low, woman, speak low!”

“And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud,
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?”

“That good ship went down!”

“How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?—
I was never aboard her!
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?”—

“Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her!”

“How’s my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I’m not their mother—
How’s my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How’s my boy—my boy?”

SYDNEY THOMPSON DOBELL.

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe—
For a fair face, long ago,
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving ruth,

For its brave hopes and memories ever green ;
 And one upon the West
 Turned an eye that would not rest
For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

 Some talked of vanished gold,
 Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends who were their trust no
 more,
 And one of a green grave
 Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

 But when their tales were done,
 There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free :
 “Sad losses ye have met,
 But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart is gone from me.”

 “Alas,” these pilgrims said,
 “For the living and the dead—
For fortune’s cruelty, for love’s sure cross,
 For the wrecks of land and sea !
 But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life’s last and heaviest loss.”
FRANCES BROWN.

AUGUST.

Beside the Sea, upon the strand
The sun is hot, the day is grand.
I think you will agree with me,
Upon the shore 'tis nice to be,
Amid the shingle and the sand.

Your hands get brown, your face is tanned,
You bathe or noddle to the band ;
Or slowly ride a solemn "gee,"
Beside the Sea.

You pace the pier, you idle, and
The offing never leave unscanned ;
And study, 'neath some grateful lee,
The "blue, the fresh, the ever free !"
The air is pure, your lungs expand
Beside the Sea !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

IN A GONDOLA.

On the Grand Canal, Venice.

Afloat ! we move—delicious ! Ah,
What else is like the gondola ?
This level floor of liquid glass
Begins beneath us swift to pass.
It goes as though it went alone
By some impulsion of its own.

(How light it moves, how softly ! Ah,
Were all things like the gondola !)

How light it moves, how softly ! Ah,
Could life as does our gondola,
Unvexed with quarrels, aims, and cares,
And moral duties and affairs,
Unswaying, noiseless, swift, and strong,
Forever thus—thus glide along !

(How light we move, how softly ! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola !)

With no more motion than should bear
A freshness to the languid air ;
With no more effort than expressed
The need and naturalness of rest,
Which we beneath a grateful shade
Should take on peaceful pillows laid !
(How light we move, how softly ! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola !)

In one unbroken passage borne
To closing night from opening morn,
Uplift at whiles slow eyes to mark
Some palace front, some passing bark ;
Through windows catch the varying shore,
And hear the soft tones of the oar !
(How light we move, how softly ! Ah,
Were life but as a gondola !)

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

“Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.”

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land;
And never home came she.

“Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,
A tress of golden hair,
A drownéd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?”

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
To her grave beside the sea.

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A SEA DIRGE.

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange ;
Sea-nymphs hourly sing his knell :
Hark ! now I hear them,—
Ding, dong, Bell.

SHAKSPEARE.

SUNSET.

The glowing red sun descends
Into the wide, tremulous
Silver-gray ocean.
Ethereal, rosy tinted forms
Are wreathed behind him, and opposite,
Through the veil of autumnal, twilight clouds.
Like a sad, deathly-pale countenance,
Breaks the moon,
And after her, like sparks of light,
In the misty distance, shimmer the stars.
Once there shone forth in heaven,
Nuptially united,
Luna the goddess, and Sol the god.
And around them gathered the stars,
Those innocent little children.

But evil tongues whispered dissension,
And in bitterness parted
The lofty, illustrious pair.

Now all day in lonely splendor
The sun-god fares overhead,
Worshiped and magnified in song,
For the excellence of his glory,
By haughty prosperity—hardened men.

But at night
In heaven wandereth Luna,
The poor mother,
With her orphaned, starry children ;
And she shines with a quiet sadness,
And loving maidens and gentle poets
Dedicate to her their tears and their songs.

Poor weak Luna ! Womanly-natured,
Still doth she love her beautiful consort.
Towards evening, pale and trembling,
She peers forth from light clouds,
And sadly gazes after the departing one,
And in her anguish fain would call to him
“Come !

Come ! our children are pining for thee !
But the scornful sun-god,
At the mere sight of his spouse,
Glow in doubly-dyed purple,
With wrath and grief,

And implacably he hastens downwards
To the cold waves of his widowed couch.

HEINE.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING BEYOND THE
SEAS.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee ;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone ;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

Though seas and lands betixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls ;
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.

COLONEL LOVELACE.

THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along,
The listening winds received this song.
"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Where He the huge sea monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage:
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything.
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants at such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by his hand
From Lebanon he stores the land;

And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
O let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay!"
—Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

A. MARVEIL.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Toll for the Brave!
The Brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the Brave
Whose courage well was tried
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset;

Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the Brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men,

Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main ;

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight-hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the downs the fleet as moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard;
"O! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro
Soon as her well-known voice he heard
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing
hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest:
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

“Believe not what the landsmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They’ll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For Thou art present whereso’er I go.

“If to fair India’s coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath in Afric’s spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

“Though battle call me from thy arms
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his Dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan’s
eye !”

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
No longer must she stay aboard ;
They kiss’d, she sigh’d, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land ;
“Adieu !” she cries ; and waved her lily hand.

J. GAY.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's well?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel;
Is this a time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockin's pearly blue;
It's a'-to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;

It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.

There's two fat hens upo' the coop
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair—
And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
I'n troth I'm like to greet!

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
And gin I live to keep him sae,
I'm blest aboon the lave:
And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

W. J. MICKLE.

BY THE SEA.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;

The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea;
Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine;

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE CASTAWAY.

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,

When such a destined wretch as I
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home forever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay ;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away ;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted, nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succor yet they could afford,
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow.

But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them ;
Yet bitter felt it still to die,
Deserted and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld ;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repell'd ;
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried "Adieu !"

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more ;
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him ; but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear ;
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not or dream,
 Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date ;
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
 No light propitious shone,
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
 We perish'd each alone ;
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

W. COOPER.

THE KRAKEN.

Below the thunders of the upper deep ;
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep
The Kraken sleepeth ; faintest sunlights flee
About his shadowy sides ; above him swell
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height ;
And far away into the sickly light,
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell,
Unnumber'd and enormous polypi
Winnow with giant arms the slumbering green.
There hath he lain for ages and will lie

Battening upon huge seaworms in his sleep,
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep ;
Then once by man and angels to be seen,
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die.

TENNYSON.

THE TWO BURDENS.

Over the deep sea Love came flying ;
Over the salt sea Love flew sighing—
Alas, O Love, for thy journeying wings !
Through turbid light and sound of thunder,
When one wave lifts and one falls under,
Love flew as a bird flies straight for warm
springs.

Love reached the Northland, and found his own ;
With budding roses, and roses blown,
And wonderful lilies, he wove their wreath ;
His voice was sweet as a tune that wells,
Gathers and thunders, and throbs and swells,
And fails and lapses in rapturous death.

His hands divided the tangled boughs,
They sat and loved in a moist green house,
With bird songs and sunbeams faltering
through
One note of wind to each last light leaf ;
O Love, those days they were sweet but brief—
Sweet as the rose is, and fleet as the dew.

Over the deep sea, Death came flying;
Over the salt sea Death flew sighing.

Love heard from afar the rush of his wings,
Felt the blast of them over the sea,
And turned his face where the shadows be,
And wept for a sound of disastrous things.

Death reach'd the Northland and claimed his
own;

With pale sweet flowers by wet winds blown

He wove for the forehead of one a wreath.

His voice was sad as the wind that sighs

Through cypress-trees under rainy skies,

When the dead leaves drift on the path beneath.

His hands divided the tangled boughs.

One Love he bore to a dark, deep house

Where never a bridegroom may clasp his
bride—

A place of silence, of dust, and sleep.

What vigil there shall the loved one keep,

Or what cry of longing the lips divide?

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

ON THE FRENCH COAST.

Talk about lazy time!—

Come to this sunny clime—

Life is a flowing rhyme—

Pleasant its cadence!

Zephyrs are blowing free
Over the summer sea,
Sprinkling deliciously
Merry mermaids !

Despite the torrid heat,
Toilettes are quite complete ;
White are the little feet,
Fair are the tresses ;
Maidens here swim or sink,
Clad in blue serge—I think
Some are in mauve or pink—
Gay are the dresses !

If you know Entretât,
You will know *M'sieu là*—
O, such a strong papa !—
Ever out boating.
You'll know his babies too,
Toto and Lolalou,
All the long morning through
Diving and floating.

Look at that merry crew !
Fresh from the water blue,
Rosy and laughing too—
Daring and dripping !
Notice each merry mite,
Held up at dizzy height,
Laughing from sheer delight—
Fearless of slipping !

He hath a figure grand—
Note, as he takes his stand,
Poised upon either hand,
Merry young mer-pets!
Drop them! You strong papa.
Swim back to Entretât!
Here comes their dear mama,
Seeking for *her* pets!

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

THE MERMAN.

Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?

I would be a merman bold,
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower;
And holding them back by their flowing locks
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
Laughingly, laughingly,

And then we would wander away, away
To the pale-green sea-groves straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily.

There would be neither moon nor star;
But the wave would make music above us afar—
Low thunder and light in the magic night—

Neither moon nor star.

We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,
Call to each other and whoop and cry

All night, merrily, merrily;

They would pelt me with starry spangles and
shells,

Laughing and clapping their hands between,

All night, merrily, merrily;

But I would throw to them back in mine
Turkis and agate and almondine,

Then leaping out upon them unseen

I would kiss them often under the sea,

And kiss them again till they kiss'd me

Laughingly, laughingly,

O, what a happy life were mine

Under the hollow-hung ocean green !

Soft are the moss-beds under the sea ;

We would live merrily, merrily.

TENNYSON.

THE MERMAID.

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl, I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall
 Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea-bud crown
 Low adown, and around.
And I should look like a fountain of gold
 Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
 Over the throne
 In the midst of the hall;
Till that great sea-snake under the sea
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate

With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks ;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea,
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
From the diamond-ledges that jut from the dells ;
For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea ;
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter
me,
In the purple twilights under the sea ;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea ;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft

Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the
sea,
All looking down for the love of me.

TENNYSON.

ACROSS THE SEA.

I walked in the lonesome evening,
And who as sad as I,
When I saw the young men and maidens
Merrily passing by?
To thee, my love, to thee—
So fain would I come to thee!
While the ripples fold upon the sands of gold,
And I look across the sea.

I stretch out my hands! who will clasp them?
I call,—thou repliest no word!
O why should heart-longing be weaker
Than the waving wings of a bird!
To thee, my love, to thee—
So fain would I come to thee!
For the tide's at rest from east to west,
And I look across the sea.

There's joy in the hopeful morning,
There's peace in the parting day,
There's sorrow with every lover
Whose true-love is far away.

To thee, my love, to thee—
So fain would I come to thee !
And the water's bright in a still moonlight,
As I look across the sea.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

Tumble and rumble, and grumble and snort,
Like a whale to starboard, a whale to port ;
Tumble and rumble, and grumble and snort,
And the steamer steams thro' the sea, love !
“I see the ship on the sea, love,
I stand alone
On this Rock,
The sea does not shock
The stone ;
The waters around it are swirled,
But under my feet
I feel it go down.
To where the hemispheres meet
At the adamant heart of the world.
O that the rock would move !
O that the rock would roll.
To meet thee over the sea, love !
Surely my mighty love
Should fill it like a soul,
And it should bear me to thee, love !

Like a ship on the sea, love,
Bear me, bear me, to thee, love !”

“Guns are thundering, seas are sundering, crowds
are wondering,
Low on our lee, love.
Over and over the cannon clouds
Cover brother and lover, but over and over
The whirlwinds trundle the sea, love,
And on through the loud-pealing pomp of her
cloud,
The great ship is going to thee, love,
Blind to her mark, like a world through the dark,
Thundering, sundering, to the crowds wondering,
Thundering ever to thee, love.”

“I have come down to thee coming to me, love,
I stand, I stand
On the solid sand,
I see thee coming to me, love ;
The sea runs up to me on the sand,
I start, 'tis as if thou had'st stretched thine hand
And touched me thro' the sea, love.
I feel as if I must die,
For there's something longs to fly,
Fly and fly, to thee, love,
As the blood of the flower ere she blows
Is beating up to the sun,
And her roots do hold her down,

And it blushes and breaks undone
In a rose,
So my blood is beating in me, love !
I see thee nigh and nigher,
And my soul leaps up like sudden fire,
My life's in the air
To meet thee there,
To meet thee coming to me, love,
Over the sea,
Coming to me,
Coming, and coming to me, love !”

“The boats are lowered : I leap in first,
Pull boys, pull ! or my heart will burst !
More ! more !—lend me an oar !
I'm thro' the breakers ! I'm on the shore !
I see thee waiting for me, love !”

“A sudden storm
Of sighs and tears,
A clenching arm,
A look of years,
In my bosom a thousand cries,
A flash like light before my eyes,
And I am lost in thee, love !”

SYDNEY DOBELL.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

One morning (raw it was and wet,
A foggy day in winter time)
A woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past her prime :
Majestic in her person, tall and straight ;
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead :
Old times, thought I, are breathing there ;
Proud was I that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair ;
She begged an alms, like one in poor estate ;
I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from those lofty thoughts I woke,
"What treasure," said I, "do you bear,
Beneath the covert of your cloak,
Protected from the cold damp air ?"
She answered, soon as she the question heard,
"A simple burden, sir, a little singing-bird.

"I had a son—the waves might roar,
He feared them not, a sailor gay !
But he will cross the deep no more ;
In Denmark he was cast away ;
And I have traveled weary miles to see
If aught which he had owned might still remain
for me.

"The bird and cage they both were his ;
'Twas my son's bird ; and neat and trim
He kept it ; many voyages
This singing-bird had gone with him ;
When last he sailed, he left the bird behind ;
From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his
mind."

"He to a fellow-lodger's care
Had left it, to be watched and fed,
And pipe its song in safety ;—there
I found it when my son was dead :
And now, God help me for my little wit !
I bear it with me, sir ! he took so much delight
in it."

WORDSWORTH.

ODE TO NEA.

I pray you let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Where late we thoughtless strayed ;
'Twas not for us, whom heaven intends
To be no more than simple friends
Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where turning in
From ocean's rude and angry din,
As lovers steal to bliss,

The billows kiss the shore, and then,
Flow back into the deep again,
As though they did not kiss.

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood—
The silent sea before us,
Around us, all the gloom of grove,
That ever lent its shade to love,
No eye but heaven's o'er us !

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
All we then looked and thought ;
'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal,
'Twas everything that young hearts feel,
By Love and Nature taught.

I stooped to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that on the golden sand
Before us faintly gleamed ;
I trembling raised it, and when you
Had kissed the shell, I kissed it too—
How sweet, how wrong it seemed !

Oh, trust me 'twas a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er the tempter's power
Could tangle you or me in ;
Sweet Nea, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Such walks may be our ruin.

TWO.

Two on a cliff, with the kiss of the sea
Filling their hearts, and their lips, and their
hair;

Two without shelter of rock or of tree,
Facing pure peace, or the sands of despair!
But one in the soul that can lift them along;
One in the spirit, and one in the touch;
One in the melody, one in the song:

Who can wish more, or dare ask for as much?

Two in a boat on the turn of the tide;
Two in the sight of the leaf and the land;
Two on the breast of the waves that are wide;
Two on the narrow gold strip of the sand.
But one on the ocean of love and at rest;
One 'midst the rush, and one in the roar;
One like a bird winging home to its nest;
Who asks as much, or dare hunger for more?

Two in the gold of the sun as it sets;
Two close together at death of the day;
Two in the world that forgives and forgets;
Two with the joy of the beach and the bay.
But one in the faith, and one in the prayer;
One in the heaven, and one in the blue;
One in the light, and the life, and the air;
Who can ask more! O my darling, can you?

CLEMENT SCOTT.

THE SEA-FAIRIES.

Slow sail'd the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold; and while they mused
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly
no more.

Whither away from the high green field, and the
happy blossoming shore?

Day and night to the billow the fountain calls:
Down shower the gamboling waterfalls
From wandering o'er the lea;
Out of the live-green heart of the dells
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the clover hill swells
High over the full-toned sea:

O hither, come hither and furl your sails,

Come hither to me and to me:

Hither, come hither and frolic and play;

Here it is only the mew that wails;

We will sing to you all the day:

Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,

For here are the blissful downs and dales,

And merrily, merrily carol the gales,

And the spangle dances in bight and bay,

And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
Over the islands free ;
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand ;
Hither, come hither and see ;
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
And sweet is the color of cove and cave,
And sweet shall your welcome be ;
O hither, come hither and be our lords,
For merry brides are we ;
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet
words,
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and jubilee ;
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
When the sharp clear twang of the golden
chords
Runs up the ridged sea.
Who can light on as happy a shore
All the world o'er, all the world o'er ?
Whither away ? listen and stay ; mariner, mari-
ner, fly no more.

TENNYSON.

MY LETTER.

I read it, my letter, my letter, as I sat in my rocky
nest ;
The waves at my feet were creaming, the wind
blew soft from the west ;

The sunshine on the tangle-beds was blazing
fiercely down,
And as they wavered to and fro, they glowed to
golden brown.
I heard the cry of the curlews blend with the
breaker's roar.
I took from my heart my letter, and read it yet
once more.

I read it, my letter, my letter, as I loitered by
the sea,
And as I read my fancy was flying fast and free,
Away from the sunny seaboard, away from the
purple down ;
I saw the smoky, sullen streets, I saw the busy
town ;
I saw the desk with its dusty load, I saw the
dreary room,
And I saw the dark-blue eyes I knew, outshining
in the gloom.

I read it, my letter, my letter, and I saw illumine
it,
The graceful phrase, the graphic touch, the flash
of ready wit,
The tender lingering o'er the words, that even as
he wrote,
Seemed as Love hovered over them, their truth
and depth to note ;

The sweet old words whose iterance, to those
that yearn to hear,
But deepens ever down and down, and deepening
grows more dear.

I read it, my letter, my letter; then softly in
fragments small

I tore the precious pages, and stopped to kiss
them all;

They were safe and sure, the golden words, re-
written in my heart,

It was surely best in a world of change, with
their earthly shrine to part;

So I tore it, my letter, my letter, with a smile,
and with a sigh,

And tossed them to the sunny sea, beneath the
sunny sky.

To what I have loved so long and well, the flash-
ing, dancing wave,

To the mighty arms of the great North Sea, the
thing I prized I gave;

It should die, my letter, my letter, no common
mortal death,

It should be rocked upon the ocean's heart, lulled
by the ocean's breath.

Has a monarch kinglier requiem, a chief a nobler
shrine,

Than that I gave my letter, from that rocky nest
of mine?

UNKNOWN.

BARCAROLLE.

Last night we sailed, my love and I—
Last night and years ago—
Was it moon or sea we drifted through?
I think I shall never know!
We had no oar—
We neared no shore—
We floated with the tide,
The moon was white,
And the sea alight,
And none in the world beside.

I and my love, we said farewell—
It is years and years away,
We kissed our last in a life gone by—
I think it was yesterday!
Oh! for heaven, give me
A moon and a sea
To sail, when we both have died,
With never an oar—
With never a shore—
Drifting on with the tide!

MAY PROBYN.

DOVER CLIFFS.

Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eye so low!

The crows and choughs, that wing the midway
air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful
trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head;
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond' tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight; the murmuring
surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high;—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE VOYAGE.

We left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbor mouth;
And madly danced our hearts with joy,
As fast we fled to the South;
How fresh was every sight and sound
On open main or winding shore!
We knew the merry world was round,
And we might sail for evermore.
Warm broke the breeze against the brow,
Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail;

The Lady's-head upon the prow
Caught the shrill salt, and sheen'd the gale.
The broad seas swelled to meet the keel,
And swept behind ; so quick the run,
We felt the good ship shake and reel,
We seemed to sail into the Sun.

How oft we saw the Sun retire,
And burn the threshold of the night,
Fall from his Ocean-lane of fire,
And sleep beneath his pillar'd light !
How oft the purple-skirted robe
Of twilight slowly downward drawn,
As thro' the slumber of the globe
Again we dash'd into the dawn !

New stars all night above the brim
Of waters lighten'd into view ;
They climb'd as quickly, for the rim
Changed every moment as we flew.
Far ran the naked moon across
The houseless ocean's heaving field,
Or flying shone, the silver boss
Of her own halo's dusky shield.

The peaky islet shifted shapes,
High towns on hills were dimly seen,
We part long lines of Northern capes
And dewy Northern meadows green.

We came to warmer waves, and deep
Across the boundless east we drove,
Where those long swells of breaker sweep
The nutmeg rocks and isles of clove.

By peaks that flamed, or, all in shade,
Gloom'd the low coast and quivering brine
With ashy rains, that spreading made
Fantastic plume or sable pine ;
By sands and steaming flats, and floods
Of mighty mouth, we scudded fast,
And hills, and scarlet-mingled woods
Glow'd for a moment as we past.

O hundred shores of happy climes,
How swiftly stream'd ye by the bark !
At times the whole sea burn'd, at times
With wakes of fire we tore the dark ;
At times a carven craft would shoot
From havens hid in fairy bowers,
With naked limbs and flowers and fruit,
But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers.

For one fair Vision ever fled
Down the waste waters day and night,
And still we follow'd where she led,
In hope to gain upon her flight.
Her face was evermore unseen,
And fixed upon the far sea-line ;

But each man murmur'd, "O my Queen,
I follow till I make thee mine."

And now we lost her, now she gleam'd
Like Fancy made of golden air,
Now nearer to the prow she seem'd
Like Virtue, like Knowledge fair,
Now high on waves that idly burst
Like Heavenly Hope she crown'd the sea,
And now, the bloodless point reversed
She bore the blade of Liberty.

And only one among us—him
We pleased not—he was seldom pleased;
He saw not far; his eyes were dim;
But ours he swore were all diseased,
"A ship of fools," he shriek'd in spite,
"A ship of fools," he sneer'd and wept.
And overboard one stormy night
He cast his body, and on we swept.

And never sail of ours was furl'd,
Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn;
We lov'd the glories of the world,
But laws of nature were our scorn.
For blasts would rise and rave and cease,
But whence were those that drove the sail
Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,
And to and thro' the counter gale?

Again to colder climes we came,
For still we follow'd where she led.
Now mate is blind and captain lame,
And half the crew are sick or dead.
But, blind or lame or sick or sound,
We follow that which flies before ;
We know the merry world is round,
And we may sail for evermore.

TENNYSON.

OCEAN.

Great Ocean ! strongest of creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal base
In nature's anthem, and made music such
As pleased the ear of God ! original,
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity !
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill ;
From age to age enduring, and unchanged,
Majestical, inimitable, vast,
Loud uttering satire, day and night, on each
Succeeding race, and little pompous work
Of man, unfallen, religious, holy sea !
Thou bowedst thy glorious head to none, fearedst
none,
Heardst none, to none didst honor, but to God
Thy Maker, only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance.

POLLOK.

SEA SONG.

Our boat to the waves go free,
By the bending tide, where the curled wave
breaks,
Like the track of the wind on the white snow-
flakes;
Away, away! 'Tis a path o'er the sea.

Blasts may rave—spread the sail,
For our spirits can wrest the power from the
wind,
And the gray clouds yield to the sunny mind,
Fear not we the whirl of the gale.

Waves on the beach, and the wild sea-foam,
With a leap, and a dash, and a sudden cheer,
Where the seaweed makes its bending home,
And the sea-birds swim on the crests so clear,
Wave after wave, they are curling o'er,
While the white sand dazzles along the shore.

CHANNING.

INSCRIPTION ON A SEA SHELL.

Pleased we remember our august abodes,
And murmur as the ocean murmurs there.

LANDOR.

THE EAGLE.

He clasps the crag with hookèd hands ;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

TENNYSON.

SEA.

O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home !
These are our realms, no limits to their sway ;
Our flag the scepter all who meet obey,
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh ! who can tell ? not thou, luxurious slave ;
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave ;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease !
Whom slumber soothes not, pleasure cannot
please,—

Oh ! who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide
The exulting sense, the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way ?

LORD BYRON.

OCEAN.

See living vales by living waters blessed,
Their wealth see earth's dark cavern yield,
See Ocean roll in glory dressed,
For all a treasure, and round all a shield.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

OUT AND INWARD BOUND.

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chasèd than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfèd bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embracèd by the strumpet wind !
How like the prodigal doth she return
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind.

SHAKSPEARE.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

Thanks for the lesson of this spot, fit school
For the presumptuous thoughts that would as-
sign
Mechanic laws to agency divine.
And, measuring heaven by earth, would overrule
Infinite power. The pillared vestibule,
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,

Might seem designed to humble man, when proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.

Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight
Of tide and tempest on the structure's base,

And flashing upwards to its topmost height,
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace

In calms is conscious, finding for his freight
Of softest music some responsive place.

WORDSWORTH.

THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

O'er western tides the fair Spring Day

Was smiling back as it withdrew,
And all the harbor, glittering gay,

Returned a blithe adieu ;
Great clouds above the hills and sea
Kept brilliant watch, and air was free
Where last lark firstborn star shall greet,—
When, for the crowning vernal sweet,
Among the slopes and crags I meet
The pilot's pretty daughter.

Round her gentle, happy face,
Dimpled soft, and freshly fair,
Danced with careless ocean grace
Locks of auburn hair ;
As lightly blew the veering wind,
They touched her cheeks, or waved behind,

Unbound, unbraided, and unlooped ;
Or when to tie her shoe she stooped,
Below her chin the half-curls drooped,
And veiled the pilot's daughter.

Rising, she tossed them gayly back,
With gesture infantine and brief,
To fall around as soft a neck
As the wild-rose's leaf.
Her Sunday frock of lilac shade
(That choicest tint) was neatly made,
And not too long to hide from view
The stout but noway clumsy shoe,
And stockings' smoothly fitting blue,
That graced the pilot's daughter.

With look half timid and half droll,
And then with slightly downcast eyes,
And blush that outward softly stole,
Unless it were the skies
Whose sun-ray shifted on her cheek,
She turned when I began to speak ;
But 'twas a brightness all her own
That in her firm light step was shown,
And the clear cadence of her tone ;
The pilot's lovely daughter.

Were it my lot (the sudden wish)
To hand a pilot's oar and sail,

Or haul the dripping moonlight mesh,
Spangled with herring scale ;
By dying stars, how sweet 'twould be,
And dawn-blow freshening the sea,
With weary, cheery pull to shore,
To gain my cottage home once more,
And clasp before I reach the door,
My love, the pilot's daughter.

This element beside my feet
Allures, a tepid wine of gold ;
One touch, one taste, dispels the cheat
'Tis salt and nipping cold ;
A fisher's hut, the scene perforce
Of narrow thoughts and manners coarse,
Coarse as the curtains that beseeem
With net-festoons the smoky beam,
Would never lodge my favorite dream,
E'en with my pilot's daughter.

To the large riches of the earth,
Endowing men in their own spite,
The *poor* by privilege of birth,
Stand in the closest right.
Yet not alone the palm grows dull
With clayey delve and watery pull ;
And this for me—an hourly pain.
But could I sink and call it gain ?
Unless a pilot true, 'twere vain
To wed a pilot's daughter.

Like *her*, perhaps?—but ah ! I said,
Much wiser leave such thoughts alone.
So may thy beauty, simple maid,
Be mine, yet all thine own.
Joined in my free contented love,
With companies of stars above :
Who, from their throne of airy steep,
Do kiss these ripples as they creep
Across the boundless, darkening deep,—
Low voiceful wave ! hush soon to sleep
The gentle pilot's daughter.

ALLINGHAM.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true hearted came ;
Not with the roll of stirring drums
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam:
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod ;
They have left unstained what there they
found,—
Freedom to worship God.

HEMANS.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

MOORE.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

Oh, weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
And liesome may the boatie row
That wins the bairnies' bread.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows
That wins the bairnies' bread.

I coost my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
'Twas three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot o' a'
Wha wishes her to speed.

Oh, weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleeds us a' frae tap to tae,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot o' a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vowed he wad be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,

Oh, muckle lighter grew my creel—
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the load
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,
And dressed mysel' fu' braw;
I trow my heart was dough and wae,
When Jamie gade awa'.
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part,
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SAILOR.

A Romaic Ballad.

Thou that hast a daughter
For one to woo and wed,
Give her to a husband
With snow upon his head;
Oh, give her to an old man,
Though little joy it be,
Before the best young sailor
That sails upon the sea!

How luckless is the sailor
When sick and like to die ;
He sees no tender mother,
No sweetheart standing by.
Only the captain speaks to him,—
“Stand up, stand up, young man,
And steer the ship to haven,
As none beside thee can.”

Thou say'st to me, “Stand, stand up !”
I say to thee, “Take hold,
Lift me a little from the deck,
My hands and feet are cold.
And let my head, I pray thee,
With handkerchiefs be bound ;
There, take my love's gold handkerchief,
And tie it tightly round.

Now bring the chart, the doleful chart ;
See, where the mountains meet—
The clouds are thick around their head,
The mists around their feet :
Cast anchor here ; 'tis deep and safe
Within the rocky cleft :
The little anchor on the right,
The great one on the left.

And now to thee, O captain,
Most earnestly I pray,
That they may never bury me
In church or cloister gray ;—

But on the windy sea-beach,
At the ending of the land,
All on the surfy sea-beach,
Deep down into the sand.

For there will come the sailors,
Their voices I shall hear,
And at casting of the anchor
The yo-ho loud and clear ;
And at hauling of the anchor
The yo-ho and the cheer,—
Farewell, my love, for to thy bay
I never more may steer."

ALLINGHAM.

A FAREWELL.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver ;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet, then a river :
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver ;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
Forever and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver ;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

TENNYSON.

THE GULF WEED.

A weary weed tossed to and fro,
Drearly drench'd in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lash'd along without will of mine ;
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea ;
Flung on the foam, afar and anear,
Mark my manifold mystery,—
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries gray and red,
Rootless and rover though I be ;
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
Arboresce as a trunkless tree ;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
White and hard in apt array ;
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming for evermore,
Like this weary weed of the sea ;

Bear they yet on each beating breast
 The eternal type of the wondrous whole,
 Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
 Grace informing with silent soul.

CORNELIUS G. FENNER.

EBB AND FLOW.

“Ebb and flow,—ebb and flow,—
 Slowly rising and sinking slow,—
 Why, vast Ocean, movest thou so?”
 Asked the maiden, in accents low.

“Gazing upon thy mighty breast,
 Why is my spirit so oppressed?
 Unquiet Ocean, why thine unrest,—
 And thy tide, still sweeping from east to
 west?”

“Ebb and flow,—ebb and flow,”
 Answered the Ocean, rolling below;
 “I follow wherever the moon may go,—
 Follow always, steady and slow.

“Above my billows, with mighty power,
 She lifts me high, in a happy hour,
 And my waves leap up in sparkle and
 shower,—
 As swells toward the sun the bursting flower.”

"I follow her movement, night and day ;
When she has gone, I cannot stay ;
When she departs I sink away, —
Sinking from harbor and creek and bay."

Then answered the maiden, "I see ! I see !
O Heart of mine, thy mystery !
Thou who dost follow, glad and free,
The star which forever lifteth thee."

"There is ebb and flow in sea and heart,
And our life ebbs out if Love depart ;
For an empty heart what joys remain ?
Let my monarch come, though he go again !

"Let Love arrive, though Love must go !
Let Heart and Ocean ebb and flow !
Come, cruel pleasure ! Come, kindly woe !
For where Love has never been, I know
That life is only death below."

F. DINGLESTEDT.

THE GONDOLA.

Rocks like a cradle on the wave this lightly
moving bark ;
Upon the top, a small black house, most like a
coffin dark.
Between our cradle and our shroud 'tis thus we
float below,
And on the great canal of life, so carelessly we go.

GOETHE.

BY THE AUTUMN SEA.

Fair as the dawn of the fairest day,
Sad as the evening's tender gray,
By the latest lustre of sunset kissed,
That wavers and waves through an amber mist,
There cometh a dream of the past to me,
On the desert sands by the autumn sea.

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil,
And the face of the ocean is dim and pale,
And there rises a wind from the chill northwest
That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest,
As the twilight falls, and the vapors flee
Far over the waters of the autumn sea.

A single ship through the gloaming glides,
Upborne on the swell of the seaward tides;
And above the gleam of her topmost spar
Are the virgin eyes of the vesper-star
That shine with an angel's ruth on me,
A hopeless waif, by the autumn sea.

The wings of the ghostly beach-birds gleam
Through the shimmering surf, and the curlew's
scream

Falls faintly shrill from the darkening height;
The first weird sigh on the lips of Night
Breathes low through the sedge and the blasted
tree,

With a murmur of doom by the autumn sea.

O sky—enshadowed and yearning main !
Your gloom but deepens this human pain ;
Those waves seem big with a nameless care,
That sky is a type of the heart's despair,
As I linger and muse by the sombre lea,
And the night-shades close on the autumn sea.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

BEYOND THE SEA.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
My heart is gone, far, far from me ;
And ever on its track will flee
My thoughts, my dreams, beyond the sea

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
The swallow wanders fast and free ;
Oh ! happy bird, were I like thee,
I, too, would fly beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
Are kindly hearts and social glee :
But here for me they may not be :
My heart is gone beyond the sea.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THE SAILING OF THE ARGO.

And soon as by the vessel's bow
The anchor was hung up ;

Then took the leader on the prow,
In hands, a golden cup;
And on great father Jove did call;
And on the winds and waters all
Swept by the hurrying blast;
And on the nights and ocean ways;
And on the fair auspicious days,
And sweet return at last.

From out the clouds, in answer kind,
A voice of thunder came;
And shook in glistening beams around
Burst out the lightning flame.
The chiefs breathed free, and at the sign
Trusted in the power divine.
Hinting sweet hopes, the seer cried,
Forthwith their oars to ply;
And swift went backward from rough hands
The rowing ceaselessly.

From "Pindar."

ON THE TOMB OF A SHIPWRECKED
MARINER.

Ah, why, my brother mariner, so near the boisterous wave
Of ocean have ye hollowed out my solitary grave?

'Twere better much that far from hence a sailor's
tomb should be,
For I dread my rude destroyer, I dread the roar-
ing sea.
But may the smiles of fortune, may love and
peace await
All yet that shed a tear for poor Nicetas' hapless
fate!

From "Posidippus."

WOULD GOD I WERE NOW BY THE SEA!

Would God I were now by the sea!
By the winding wet-worn caves,
By the ragged rents of the rocks!
And that there as a bird I might be
White-winged with the sea-skimming flocks:
Where the spray and the breeze blows free
O'er the ceaseless mirth of the waves,
And dishevel their loose gray locks.
I would spread my wings to the moist, salt air,
And my wide white wings should carry me
Lifted up out over the sea,—
Carry I heed not where,
Somewhither far away,
Somewhither far from my hateful home,
Where the breast of the breeze is sprinkled with
spray,
Where the restless deep is maddened with glee:

Over the waves' wild ecstasy,
Through the wild blown foam !
From "Euripides."

THE SAILOR BOY.

He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
"O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play."

"Fool," he answer'd, "death is sure
To those that stay and those those that roam,
But I will never more endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

"My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, 'Stay for shame ;'
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

"God help me ! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me."

TENNYSON.

SONG.

The stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may sail ;
The moon is constant to her time ;
The sun will never fail :
But follow, follow round the world,
The green earth and the sea ;
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars
Must daily lose their light ;
The moon will veil her in the shade ;
The sun will set at night.
The sun may set, but constant love
Will shine when he's away ;
So that dull night is never night,
And day is brighter day.

HOOD.

THREE AND TWO.

Shy, from a sullen rack of clouds,
Upon a stormy sea,

Look'd forth the moon, into the boat
We stepp'd and we were Three.

The oars with stroke monotonous,
Plash'd down into the sea,
And wild the foaming waves arose,
And sprinkled us all three.

And in the boat as pale and chill
And motionless she stood,
As she a marble image were,
And not of flesh and blood.

Now hides the moon her face, and shrills
A north wind cold and bleak,
And high above our heads we hear
An agonizing shriek.

It is the white and ghostly mew,
And at the evil note,
That sounds like voice of warning, we
All shudder in the boat.

Have I a fever? Is't a jest
Of nightly fantasy?
Mocks me a dream? If so, it is
A ghastly mockery!

A ghastly mockery! I dream
That I a savior am,
And bear my cross of woe extreme
As patient as a lamb.

Poor beauty, prithee quake not so,
'Tis I will set thee free
From sin and shame, and want and woe,
And all thy misery.

Poor beauty, prithee quake not so,
Though hard the cure may be,
My heart will break, and yet I know
That death is good for thee.

O mockery and evil dream !
A madman's ghastly lot !
Dark broods the night, loud howls the sea,—
O God, forsake me not !

Forsake me not, thou clement God,
Thou Merciful ! Shaddai !
It plashes in the water—woe—
Jehovah ! Adonai !

The sun broke, towards the smiling land
We steer'd our glad canoe,
And when we stepp'd out on the strand,
Then we were only Two.

HEINE.

THE FISHER.

The water rushed, the water swelled,
A fisher sat apart,
And tranquil eyed the line he held,
Cool to his very heart,

And as he sits and watches there,
The wave, deep-stirred, divides ;
Out of the wave a woman fair,
All dripping, upward glides.

She sang to him, she spake to him :
“ Why snarest thou my brood ;
With human craft, for human whim,
To fiery death from flood ?
Ah ! knew'st thou how the fishes fare
In depths of stream and pool,
Thou would'st step down from burning air,
And revel in the cool.

“ Doth not the sun rejoice to bathe,
The sweet moon, in the meer,
Each face, the billowy flood to breathe,
Turn doubly beauteous here ?
Allure thee not the deep heavens pure
With moist resplendent blue ?
Thine own face, doth it not allure,
Here in perpetual dew ? ”

The water rushed, the water swelled,
And wet his naked foot,
His heart with longing ardor thrilled,
As if to love's salute.
She spake to him, she sang to him,
And thus it happened then,

Half drew she him, half sank he in,
And ne'er was seen again.

GOETHE.

SONNET.

Stately yon vessel sails adown the tide,
To some far-distant land adventurous bound ;
The sailors' busy cries from side to side,
Pealing among the echoing rocks, resound.
A patient, thoughtless, much-enduring band,
Joyful they enter on their ocean way,
With shouts exulting leave their native land,
And know no care beyond the present day.
But is there no poor mourner left behind,
Who mourns for a child or husband there :
Who, at the howling of the midnight wind,
Will wake and tremble in her boding prayer?
So may her voice be heard, and Heaven be
kind !
Go, gallant Ship, and be thy fortune fair !

SOUTHEY.

WAITING.

“Wherefore dwell so sad and lonely
By the desolate sea-shore,
With the melancholy surges
Beating at your cottage door?”

“You shall dwell beside the castle
 Shadowed by our ancient trees ;
 And your life shall pass on gently,
 Cared for, and in rest and ease.”

“Lady, one who loved me dearly
 Sailed for distant lands away ;
 And I wait here his returning
 Hopefully from day to day.

“To my door I bring my spinning,
 Watching every ship I see :
 Waiting, hoping, till the sunset
 Fades into the western sea.

“After sunset, at my casement,
 Still I place a signal light ;
 He will see its well-known shining
 Should his ship return at night.

“Lady, see your infant smiling,
 With its flaxen curling hair,—
 I remember when your mother
 Was a baby just as fair.

“I was watching then and hoping ;
 Years have brought great change to all ;
 To my neighbors in their cottage,
 To you nobles at the hall.

“Not to me,—for I am waiting,
And the years have fled so fast,
I must look at you to tell me
That a weary time has past!

“When I hear a footstep coming
On the shingle—years have fled—
Yet amid a thousand others,
I shall know his quick, light tread.

“When I hear (to-night it may be)
Some one pausing at my door,
I shall know the gay soft accents,
Heard and welcomed oft before!

“So each day I am more hopeful
He may come before the night;
Every sunset I feel surer
He must come ere morning light.

“Then I thank you, noble lady,
But I cannot do your will:
Where he left me he must find me,
Waiting, watching, hoping, still!”
ADELAIDE PROCTER.

SITTING ON THE SHORE.

The tide has ebbd away;
No more wild dashings 'gainst the adamant
rocks,

Nor swaying amidst sea-weed false that mocks
The hues of gardens gay :
No laugh of little wavelets at their play :
No lucid pools reflecting heaven's dear brow—
Both calm and storm alike are ended now.

The rocks sit gray and lone :
The shifting sand is spread so smooth and
dry,
That not a tide might ever have swept by
Stirring it with sweet moan :
Only some weedy fragments idly thrown
To rot beneath the sky, till what has been :
But Desolation's self has grown serene.

Afar the mountains rise,
And the broad estuary widens out,
All sunshine ; wheeling round and round about
Seaward, a white bird flies.
A bird? Nay, seems it rather in these eyes
A spirit, o'er Eternity's dim sea
Calling—"Come thou where all we glad souls
will be."

O life, O silent shore,
Where we sit patient ; O great sea beyond
To which we turn with solemn hope and fond,
But sorrowful no more :
A little while, and then we too shall soar

Like white-winged sea-birds into the Infinite
Deep ;
Till then, Thou, Father—wilt our spirits keep.
MISS MULOCK.

THE SEA LIMITS.

Consider the sea's listless chime ;
Time's self it is, made audible,—
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end : our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Lost utterly, the whole sky stands,
Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods ;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee :
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again,—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
And listen at its lips : they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole world's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art :
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

ROSETTI.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea !
Forever and the same ;
The ancient rocks yet sing to thee—
Those thunders naught can tame.

Oh ! many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth,
And hushed is many a lonely one
Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute that sighed of yore
Along the wave, is still ;
The harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's awful hill.

The Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone ;
And the songs at Rome's high triumph poured,
Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn that rang
O'er stream and mountain free ;
And the hymn the leagued Crusaders sang
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep !
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky,
And all our earth's green shores rejoice
In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
The sunset's heaven of gold ;
And the still midnight hears the sound
Even as first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
Where sceptered cities rose !
Thou speakest of One who doth not change—
So may our hearts repose.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE DEMON-SHIP.

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the
sea look'd black and grim,
For stormy clouds with murky fleece, were mus-
tering at the brim ;

Titanic shade ! enormous gloom !—as if the solid
night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the
light !
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and
sky !

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held
freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for
the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little
boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne
upon the blast.
Lord ! what a warring hurricane beset the strain-
ing sail !
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce
assaults of hail !

What darksome caverns yawn'd before ! what
jagged steeps behind !
Like battle-steeds with foamy manes, wild toss-
ing in the wind,
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in
the chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in
its place ;

As black as night—they turn'd to white and cast
 against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailor's
 shroud.

Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was
 nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd
 in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling,
 rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at
 last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursu-
 ing grave:
It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its
 hugeness to a wave!

Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my
 face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swell-
 ing base.
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine
Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche
 of brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife
 and home;
The waters closed—and when I shriek'd I shriek'd
 below the foam!

Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a
weed.

“Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the
world of death?”

With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth
of breath;

My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a
doubtful sound—

And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle
seem'd around?

A moon, as if the earthly moon was shining up
aloft;

But were those beams the very beams that I had
seen so oft?

A face, that mock'd the human face, before me
watch'd alone;

But were those eyes the eyes of man that look'd
against my own?

O! never may the moon again disclose me such
a sight

As met my gaze, when first I look'd on that
accursed night!

I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce
extremes

Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted
in my dreams—

Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with
hateful stare,—

Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion
and she-bear—

Strong enemies, with Judas looks of treachery
and spite—

Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banished
by the light !

Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting
from their tombs—

All phantasies and images that flit in midnight
glooms—

Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me
all aghast,—

But nothing like that Grimy One who stood be-
side the mast !

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his
eyes and hair as dark :

His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left
a sable mark ;

His throat was black, his vest the same, and
when I look'd beneath,

His breast was black—all, all was black, except
his grinning teeth.

His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Af-
ric slaves !

Oh, horror ! e'en the ship was black that plough'd
the inky waves !

“Alas!” I cried, “for love of truth and blessed
mercy’s sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what
dreadful lake?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as
any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gain’d
my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear mead-
ows that beguil’d
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless
child,—
My mother dear—my native fields I never more
shall see;
I’m sailing in the Devil’s Ship, upon the Devil’s
sea!”

Loud laughed that Sable Mariner, and loudly in
return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from
stem to stern—
A dozen pair of grimy cheeks were crumpled on
the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining
out at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy’d the
merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like
demons of the Pit,

They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made
answer for the whole ;—

“Our skins,” said he, “are black, ye see, because
we carry coal ;

You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your
native fields—

For this here ship has pick'd you up—the Mary
Ann of Shields !”

Hood.

AT THE SEASIDE.

O solitary shining sea
That ripples in the sun,
O gray and melancholy sea,
O'er which the shadows run ;

O many-voiced and angry sea,
Breaking with moan and strain,—
I, like a humble, chastened child,
Come back to thee again :

And build child-castles and dig moats
Upon the quiet sands,
And twist the cliff-convolvulus
Once more, round idle hands ;

And look across that ocean line,
As o'er life's summer sea,
Where many a hope went sailing once,
Full set, with canvas free,

Strange, strange to think how some of
them

 Their silver sails have furled,
And some have whitely glided down
 Into the under world ;

And some, dismasted, tossed and torn,
 Driven back to port once more,
Thankful to ride, with freight still safe,
 At anchor near the shore.

Stranger it is to lie at ease
 As now, with thoughts that fly
More light and wandering than sea-birds
 Between the waves and sky,

To play child's play with shells and weeds,
 And view the ocean grand
Dwindled to one small wave that whelms
 A baby-house of sand :

And not once look, or look by chance,
 With old dreams quite supprest,
Across that mystic wild sea-world
 Of infinite unrest.

O ever solitary sea,
 Of which we all have found
Somewhat to dream or say,—the type
 Of things without a bound—

Love, long as life, and strong as death ;
Faith, humble as sublime ;
Eternity, whose large depths hold
The wrecks of this small Time :—

Unchanging, everlasting sea !
To spirits soothed and calm
Thy restless moan of other years
Becomes an endless psalm.
MISS MULOCK.

THE DISTANT SHIP.

The sea-bird's wing o'er ocean's breast
Shoots like a glancing star,
While the red radiance of the west
Spreads kindling fast and far ;
And yet that splendor wins thee not—
Thy still and thoughtful eye
Dwells out on one dark distant spot
Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee ! O'er the slumbering deep
A solemn glory broods ;
A fire hath touched the beacon-steep,
And all the golden woods :
A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
Burn with the amber light !—
What spell from that rich pageantry
Chains down thy gazing sight ?

A softening thought of human cares,
A feeling linked to earth !
Is not yon speck a bark which bears
The loved of many a hearth ?
Oh ! do not Hope, and Grief, and Fear
Crowd her frail world even now,
And manhood's prayer and woman's tear
Follow her venturous prow ?

Bright are the floating clouds above,
The glittering seas below ;
But we are bound by cords of love
To kindred weal and woe.
Therefore amidst this wide array
Of glorious things and fair,
My soul is on that bark's lone way—
For human hearts are there.

HEMANS

CALM AT SEA.

Silence reigns upon the water,
Heaves not ocean in its sleep,
And the ruffled seaman round him
Sees no ripple on the deep.

Not an air from any quarter !
Death-hush frightful and profound !
And along the vast horizon
Not a billow breaks its sound.

GOETHE.

THE FISHERMAN'S HUT.

"Go, boy, and light the torch ! the night
Is damp and dark and drear :
Thy father sails from foreign lands,
His ship must soon be near."

The boy sets fire to the torch,
And hastens to the strand :
The storm-wind howls, the rain pours down,
The torch dies in his hand.

The boy flies homeward : "Mother dear,
Send me not out again !
The storm did howl, and the wind did blow,
And the torch went out in the rain."

"O sailor's blood ! O sailor's blood !
No sailor's blood art thou !
What cares a brisk young sailor's blood
How wild the tempests blow !"

The boy sets fire to the torch,
He hastens to the shore ;
The tempest howls, the rain pours down,
The torch goes out once more.

The boy flies home : "O mother dear,
Send me not to the strand !
There's a white woman sitting there,
And beckoning with her hand !"

"O sailor's blood ! O sailor's blood !
No sailor's blood art thou !
Naught does the brave warm sailor's blood
For mermaid care, I trow !"

The boy sets fire to the torch,
And hastens to the shore ;
The tempest howls, the rain pours down,
The torch dies yet once more.

The boy flies home : "O mother, go
Thyself now to the shore !
I hear a voice like father's rise
Through all the ocean's roar."

The mother quickly lifts the torch,
And sets the hut on fire ;
The tempest howls, the lurid flame
Shines brighter, broader, higher.

"What hast thou done? O mother woe !
Hear's thou the tempest's roar !
How cold the night, how dark and wild,—
And we've a home no more."

"O sailor's blood ! O sailor's blood !
No sailor's blood art thou !
Boy, when no other torch will burn,
The hut shines well, I trow."

The father safely steers his ship
Right to the blazing strand,
Weathers the ledges all, and soon
In safety reached the land.

STOLLE.

THE SEA.

O Sea, in evening's glow,
Upon thy tranquil breast,
After long storm and woe
I breathe a heavenly rest.

Thy troubled heart forgets
The weary war of yore,
Its moans and drear regrets
Are melody once more.

Barely one voiceless thought
May through the spirit float,
As on the silent sea
A solitary boat.

From the German.

A FISHING-TOWN.

Quaint clusters of gray houses crowding down
Unto a river's edge ; the river wide,
And flecked with fishing-boats beyond the town,
Incoming with the slow incoming tide.

Moored to the old pier-end, a smack or two
Slow dandled by the shoreward-setting swell,
And with their nets with every dip wet through,
Show their black pitchy ribs. Some far ship's
bell

Comes in the capful of light wind that hails
From seaward; while still louder and more loud,
Beneath the lowering hood of ashes aloud,
Rings the hoarse fisher's shout. Their nearing
sails

Loom large and shadowy: and the sunset gun
Tells that another day is o'er and done.

ANONYMOUS.

CHILDREN ON THE SHORE.

We are building little homes on the sands,
We are making little rooms very gay,
We are busy with our hearts and our hands,
We are sorry that the time flits away.
Oh, why are the minutes in such haste?
Oh, why don't they leave us to our play?
Our lessons and our meals are such waste!
We can dine very well another day.

We do not mind the tide coming in,
We can dig it a cunning little bed,
Or leave our pretty house and begin
Another pretty house in its stead;

We do not mind the sun in our eyes,
When it makes such a dazzle of the world
That we cannot tell the sea from the skies,
Nor look where the flying drops are hurled.

The shells that we gather are so fair,
The birds and the clouds are so kind,
And the winds are so merry with our hair,
It is only the *People* that we mind !
Papa, if you come so very near,
We can't build the library to-day ;
We think you are tired of being here,
And perhaps you would like to go away.

There are just one or two we won't refuse,
If they come by, to help us now and then ;
But we want only friends to be of use,
And not all these idle grown men.
Perhaps if we hurry very much,
And don't lose an instant of the day,
There'll be time for the last lovely touch,
Before the sea sweeps it all away !

ANONYMOUS.

THE SEA.

For lo ! the sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand ;
For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast :

And as she danceth in her pallid sphere,
So danceth he about the centre here.

Sometimes his proud green waves, in order set,
One after another flow into the shore,
Which, when they have with many kisses met,
They ebb away in order as before.

And to make known his courtly love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-forked mace,
And with his arms the timorous earth embrace.

JOHN DAVIES, 1596.

DOWN ON THE SHORE.

Down on the shore, on the sunny shore !

Where the salt smell cheers the land ;
Where the tide moves bright under boundless
light,

And the surge on the glittering strand ;
Where the children wade in the shallow pools,
Or run from the froth in play ;
Where the swift little boats, with milk-white wings
Are crossing the sapphire bay,
And the ship in full sail, with a fortunate gale,
Holds proudly on her way.

Where the nets are spread on the grass to dry,
And asleep, hard by, the fishermen lie,
Under the tent of the warm blue sky,
With the hushing wave on its golden floor
To sing their lullaby.

Down on the shore, the stormy shore !

Beset by a growling sea,

Whose mad waves leap on the rocky steep,

Like wolves up a traveller's tree.

Where the foam flies wide, and an angry blast

Blows the curlew off with a screech ;

Where the brown sea-wrack, torn up by the
roots,

Is flung out of fishes' reach ;

Where the tall ship rolls on the hidden shoals,

And scatters her planks on the beach.

Where slate and straw through the village spin,

And a cottage fronts the fiercest din,

With a sailor's wife sitting sad within,

Hearkening the wind and water's roar,

Till at last her tears begin.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE SEA.

It surged and foamed on cold gray lands,

No life was in its waves :

It rolled and raged on barren strands,

Or thundered into caves :

And yet it sang a glorious song,

An ancient pæan loud and long.

It broke upon the new-made beach,

That roaring, restless Sea,

The only burden of its speech,
One word—Eternity;
And ever sang that glorious song,
An ancient pæan loud and long.

EDMUND SANDARS.

• SWEET AND LOW.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon,
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.
TENNYSON,

AS BY THE SHORE AT BREAK OF DAY.

As by the shore at break of day,
A vanquished chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the free ;
And there the last unfinish'd word
He dying wrote, was "Liberty!"

At night a sea-bird shriek'd the knell
Of him who thus for freedom fell :
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were cover'd by the sounding sea :—
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for liberty !

MOORE.

DEEP-SEA SOUNDINGS.

Mariner, what of the deep ?

This of the deep :
Twilight is there, and solemn, changeless calm ;
Beauty is there, and tender, healing balm,—
Balm with no root in earth, or air, or sea :
Poised by the finger of God, it floateth free,
And, as it treadeth the waves, the sound doth
rise,
Hither shall come no farther sacrifice ;

Never again the anguished clutch of life,
Never again great Love and Death at strife.
He who hath suffered all need fear no more,
Quiet his portion now for evermore.

Mariner, what of the deep?

This of the deep :

Solitude dwells not there, though silence reign ;
Mighty the brotherhood of loss and pain ;
There is communion past the need of speech,
There is love no words of love can reach,
Heavy the waves that superincumbent press,
But as we labor here with constant stress
Hand doth hold out to hand not help alone,
But the deep bliss of being fully known.
There are no kindred like the kin of sorrow,
There is no hope like theirs who fear no morrow.

Mariner, what of the deep?

This of the deep :

Though we have travelled past the line of day,
Glory of night doth light us on our way ;
Radiance that comes we know not how or
whence,
Rainbows without the rain past duller sense,
Music of hidden reefs and waves long past,
Thunderous organ tones from far-off blast.
Harmony viatrix clothed in state sublime,
Couched on the wrecks begemmed with pearls of
time ;

Never a wreck but brings some beauty here,
Down where the waves are stilled, the sea shines
clear ;
Deeper than life, the plan of life doth lie,
He who knows all fears naught. Great Death
shall die.

ANONYMOUS.

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ;
My wingéd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote :

Round purple peaks
It sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim ;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles ;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff :
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon the liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled ;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail ;

A joy intense
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies ;
O'er veiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid ;
Or down the walls
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like water-falls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows ;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip !
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew !

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar !
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

A MODERN SYREN.

The laughing ripples sing their lay,
The sky is blue, and o'er the bay
The breeze is blowing free ;
For, O, the morning's fresh and fair,
And bright and bracing is the air,
Down by the summer sea.

A pretty, winsome, merry girl,
With all her sunny hair a-curl,
Was dimpled bonny Bee ;

Her laugh was light, her eyes were blue,
They always said her heart was true,
Down by the summer sea.

The sun is hot, the day is grand,
And up and down the yellow sand
Perambulateth he :
She promised they should meet at eight,
And from her lips should learn his fate,
Down by the summer sea.

He fancies it is getting late,
For by his watch 'tis now past eight,
Some minutes twenty-three ;
The shore he scans with eyesight keen,
And notes the track of small *bottines*,
Down by the summer sea.

He hums a merry song and strolls,
And tracks this pretty pair o' soles—
His heart is full of glee !
For now that he has found the clue,
He follows footsteps two and two,
Down by the summer sea.

“But ah !” he says, and stops his song—
“This soler system is all wrong,
'Tis plain enough to me,

Those prints are proofs—I can't tell whose—
But quite another pair of shoes ;
Down by the summer sea."

The short and narrow, long and wide,
He finds march closely side by side
By some occult decree ;
And as he cons the footprints o'er,
He finds that two and two make four,
Down by the summer sea !

He sighs, and says, "Ah, well, indeed !"
And from his pocket takes a weed,
And strikes the light fuzee :
He adds, "I think I'll now go home,
For maidens' vows are frail as foam
Down by the summer sea !"

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

THE SEA-CAVE.

Young Neuha plunged into the deep, and he
Followed : her track beneath her native sea
Was as a native's of the element,
So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly she went,
Leaving a streak of light behind her heel,
Which struck and flashed like an amphibious
steel.

Closely, and scarcely less expert to trace
The depths where divers hold the pearl in chase,
Torquil, the nursling of the Northern seas,
Pursued her liquid steps with art and ease.
Deep—deeper for an instant Neuha led
The way—then upward soared—and, as she
spread

Her arms, and flung the foam from off her locks,
Laughed, and the sound was answered by the
rocks.

They had gained a central realm of earth again,
But looked for tree, and field, and sky, in vain.
Around she pointed to a spacious cave,
Whose only portal was the keyless wave,
(A hollow archway by the sun unseen,
Save through the billows' glassy veil of green,
In some transparent ocean holiday,
When all the finny people are at play),
Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's
eyes,

And clapped her hands with joy at his surprise.
Forth from her bosom the young savage drew
A pine torch, strongly girded with gnatoo ;
A plantain leaf o'er all, the more to keep
Its latent sparkle from the sapping deep.
This mantle kept it dry ; then from a nook
Of the same plantain leaf, a flint she took,
A few shrunk withered twigs, and from the blade
Of Torquil's knife struck fire, and thus arrayed

The grot with torchlight. Wide it was and high,
And showed a self-born Gothic canopy ;
The arch upreared by Nature's architect,
The architrave some earthquake might erect ;
The buttress from some mountain's bosom hurled,
When the poles crashed and water was the world ;
There, with a little tinge of phantasy,
Fantastic faces moped and mowed on high,
And then a mitre or a shrine would fix
The eye upon its seeming crucifix.
The Nature played with the stalactites,
And built herself a chapel of the seas.

And Neuha took her Torquil by the hand,
And waved along the vault her kindled brand,
And led him into each recess, and showed
The secret places of their new abode.
Nor these alone, for all had been prepared
Before, to soothe the lover's lot she shared ;
The mat for rest ; for dress the fresh gnatoo,
The sandal-oil to fence against the dew ;
For food the cocoa-nut, the yam, the bread
Born of the fruit ; for board the plantain spread
With its broad leaf, or turtle-shell which bore
A banquet in the flesh it covered o'er ;
The gourd with water recent from the rill,
The ripe banana from the mellow hill ;
A pine torch pile to keep undying light ;
And she herself as beautiful as night,

To fling her shadowy spirit o'er the scene,
And make their subterranean world serene.
She had foreseen, since first the stranger's sail
Drew to their isle, that force or flight might fail,
And formed a refuge of the rocky den
For Torquil's safety from his countrymen.
Each dawn had wafted there her light canoe,
Laden with all the golden fruits that grew ;
Each eve had seen her gliding through the hour
With all could cheer or deck their sparry bower ;
And now she spread her little store with smiles,
The happiest daughter of the loving isles.

'Twas morn ; and Neuha, who by dawn of day
Swam smoothly forth to catch the rising ray,
And watch if aught approach the amphibious lair
Where lay her lover, saw a sail in air :
It flapped, it filled, then to the growing gale
Bent its broad arch : her breath began to fail
With fluttering fear, her heart beat thick and
high.

While yet a doubt sprung where its course might
lie :

But no ! it came not ; fast and far away,
The shadow lessened as it cleared the bay.
She gazed, and flung the sea-foam from her eyes,
To watch as for a rainbow in the skies.

On the horizon verged the distant deck,
Diminished, dwindled to a very speck—
Then vanished. All was ocean, all was joy!

BYRON.

THE CALM OF EVENING.

The heaven's vast world stood silent; Neptune
gave
A hushful pause to ocean's roughening wave;
The sun curbed his swift steeds; the eternal
floods
Stood still; and not a breath was on the woods.

WILLIAM PETER.

From "Ennius."

LINES FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

Thou comest, much wept for: such a breeze
Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer
Was as the whisper of an air
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

For I in spirit saw thee move
Thro' circles of the bounding sky,
Week after week: the days go by:
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

Henceforth, wherever thou mayst roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home.

So may whatever tempest mars
Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark ;
And balmy drops in summer dark
Slide from the bosom of the stars.

So kind an office hath been done,
Such precious relics brought by thee ;
The dust of him I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run.

TENNYSON.

From "In Memoriam."

THE CONTRAST.

O'er the smooth main, when scarce a zephyr
blows

To break the dark blue ocean's deep repose,
I seek the calmness of the breathing shore,
Delighted with the fields and woods no more.

But when white-foaming heave the deeps on high,
Swells the black storm and mingles sea and sky,
Trembling I fly the wild tempestuous strand,
And seek the close recesses of the land.

Sweet are the sounds that murmur through the
wood,
While roaring storms upheave the dangerous
flood ;
Then if the winds more fiercely howl, they rouse
But sweeter music in the pines' tall boughs.

Hard is the life the weary fisher finds,
Who trusts his floating mansion to the winds,
Whose daily food the fickle sea maintains,
Unchanging labor and uncertain gains.

Be mine soft sleep, beneath the spreading shade
Of some broad leafy plane inglorious laid,
Lulled by a fountain's fall that, murmuring near,
Soothes, not alarms, the toil-worn laborer's ear.

From "Moschus."

THE RETURN OF SPRING TO THE SAILOR.

Haste to the port ! The twittering swallow calls,
Again returned ; the wintry breezes sleep ;
The meadows laugh ; and warm the zephyr falls
On ocean's breast, and calms the fearful deep.

Now spring your cables, loiterers ! Spread your
sails !

O'er the smooth surface of the water roam !

So shall your vessel glide with friendly gales,
And fraught with foreign treasure waft you
home.

From "Philostratus."

NEAP-TIDE.

Far off is the sea, and the land is afar :
The low banks reach the sky,
Seen hence, and are heavenward high ;
Though light for the leap of a boy they are,
And the far sea late was nigh.

The fair wild fields and the circling downs,
The bright sweet marshes and meads
All glorious with flower-like weeds,
The great grey churches, the sea-washed towns,
Recede as a dream recedes.

The world draws back, and the world's high
waves,
As a dream dies down and is dead ;
And the clouds and the gleams overhead
Change, and change ; and the sea remains,
A shadow of dreamlike dread.

Wild, and woful, and pale, and grey,
A shadow of sleepless fear,
A corpse with the night for bier,

The fairest thing that beholds the day
Lies haggard and hopeless here.

- And the wind's wings, broken and spent, sub-
side;
And the dumb waste world is hoar,—
And strange as the sea the shore;
And shadows of shapeless dreams abide
Where life may abide no more.

A sail to seaward, a sound from shoreward,
And the spell were broken that seems
To reign in a world of dreams
Where vainly the dreamer's feet make forward
And vainly the low sky gleams.

The sea-forsaken forlorn deep-wrinkled
Salt slanting stretches of sand
That slope to the seaward hand,
Were they fain of the ripples that flashed and
twinkled
And laughed as they struck the strand?

As bells on the reins of the fairies ring
The ripples that kissed them rang,
The light from the sundawn sprang,
And the sweetest of songs that the world may
sing
Was theirs when the full sea sang.

Now no light is in heaven ; and now
Not a note of the sea-wind's tune
Rings hither : the bleak sky's boon
Grants hardly a sight of a grey sun's brow—
A sun more sad than the moon.

More sad than a moon that clouds beleaguer
And storm is a scourge to smite,
The sick sun's shadowlike light
Grows faint as the clouds and the waves wax
eager,
And withers away from sight.

The day's heart cowers, and the night's heart
quicken :
Full fain would the day be dead
And the stark night reign in his stead :
The sea falls dumb as the sea-fog thickens
And the sunset dies for dread.

Outside of the range of time, whose breath
Is keen as the manslayer's knife
And his peace but a truce for strife,
Who knows if haply the shadow of death
May be not the light of life ?

For the storm and the rain and the darkness bor-
row
But an hour from the suns to be,
But a strange swift passage, that we

May rejoice, who have mourned not to-day, to-morrow,

In the sun and the wind and the sea.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

On deck, beneath the awning,

I dozing lay and yawning ;

It is the gray of dawning,

Ere yet the sun arose ;

And above the funnel's roaring,

And the fitful wind's deploring,

I heard the cabin snoring

With universal nose.

I could hear the passengers snorting—

I envied their disporting—

Vainly I was courting

The pleasure of a doze !

When a Squall, upon a sudden,

Came o'er the waters scudding ;

And the clouds began to gather,

And the sea was lashed to lather,

And the lowering thunder grumbled,

And the lightning jumped and tumbled,

And the ship, and all the ocean,

Woke up in wild commotion,

Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing ;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle ;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels
And down the deck in runnels ;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal,
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places ;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling ;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken ;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

THACKERAY.

A SEASIDE WALK.

I.

We walked beside the sea,
After a day which perished silently

Of its own glory, like the princess weird,
Who, combating the Genius, scorched and
seared,
Uttered with burning breath, "Ho! victory!"
And sank adown, a heap of ashes pale:
So runs the Arab tale.

II.

The sky above us showed
A universal and unmoving cloud
On which the cliffs permitted us to see
Only the outline of their majesty,
As master-minds when gazed at by the crowd;
And, shining with a gloom, the water gray
Swang in its moon-taught way.

III.

Nor moon nor stars were out;
They did not dare to tread so soon about,
Though trembling, in the footsteps of the sun;
The light was neither night's nor day's, but one
Which, life-like, had a beauty in its doubt;
And silence's impassioned breathings round
Seemed wandering into sound.

IV.

O solemn-beating heart
Of nature! I have knowledge that thou art

Bound unto man's by cords he cannot sever :
And, what time they are slackened by him
 ever,
So to attest his own supernal part,
Still runneth thy vibration fast and strong
The slackened cord along ;

V.

For though we never spoke
Of the gray water and the shaded rock,
Dark wave and stone unconsciously were fused
Into the plaintive speaking that we used
Of absent friends, and memories unforsook ;
And, had we seen each other's face, we had
Seen haply each was sad.

E. B. BROWNING.

A TINY TRIP.

The Bill of Lading.

She was cargo and crew,
 She was boatswain and skipper,
She was passenger too,
Of the *Nutshell* canoe ;
And the eyes were so blue
 Of this sweet tiny tripper !
She was cargo and crew,
 She was boatswain and skipper !

The Pilot.

How I bawled, "Ship, ahoy!"
Hard by Medmenham Ferry!
And she answered with joy,
She would like a convoy,
And would love to employ
A bold pilot so merry:
How I bawled, "Ship, ahoy!"
Hard by Medmenham Ferry!

The Voyage.

'Neath the trees gold and red,
In that bright autumn weather,
When our white sails were spread,
O'er the waters we sped—
What was it she said?
When we drifted together!
'Neath the trees gold and red,
In that bright autumn weather!

The Haven.

Ah! the moments flew fast,
But our trip too soon ended!
When we reached land at last,
And our craft was made fast,

It was six or half-past—
And mamma looked offended !
Ah ! the moments flew fast,
But our trip too soon ended !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

DANAË.

There was once a carven ark adrift on a stormy
sea ;
And the wind in each crevice shrieked, and
Danaë cowering there,
With the spray on her cheeks and screening her
Perseus motherly,
Crooned him a song like this in the midst of
her despair :
“ O baby, mother is full of heavy care ; but thou
Hast sucked thyself asleep and liest without a
dream,
In the dismal brass-bound house, where on thy
quiet brow
Strikes through the murky gloom the night-
lamp’s fitful gleam.
And the wind pipes loud and shrill, and the wave
goes o’er thy head ;
But thou dost not heed it, sweet,—thy cluster-
ing curls are dry,

Beautiful little face all swathed in its mantle red !
Ah, if thou didst but know my harrowing
misery !

Heardst a tithe of my complaints !—hush, dear ;
And hush, thou noisy sea ! and sleep, my
sorrow wild !

And baffle their counsel, father Zeus, who left us
here !

Nay, I am bold to say, be just to the blameless
child ! ”

From “ Simonides.”

THE SEA-MAID.

A Maiden came gliding o’er the sea,
In a boat as light as boat could be ;
And she sang in tones so sweet and free,
“ Oh, where is the youth that will follow me ? ”

Her forehead was white as the pearly shell,
And in flickering waves her ringlets fell,
Her bosom heaved with a gentle swell,
And her voice was a distant vesper bell.

And still she sang, while the western light
Fell on her figure so soft and bright,
“ Oh, where shall I find the brave young sprite
That will follow the track of my skiff to-night ? ”

To the strand the youths of the village run,
When the witching song has scarce begun,
And ere the set of the evening sun
Fifteen bold lovers the maid has won.

They hoisted the sail, and they plied the oar,
And away they went from their native shore,
While the damsel's pinnace flew fast before,
But never, O never we saw them more !

JOHN STERLING.

THE ISLAND AND THE BIRD.

An island lay in a lonely sea,
And in the island grew one tree ;
And the waves in the caves of the island groaned,
And the breeze in the tree's thick branches
 moaned ;
And this was the groaning,
And this the moaning :
" Alone, alone, all all alone ;
For ever and ever alone, alone ! "

But a bird flew over the lonely sea,
And built a nest in the island tree,
And in the nest brown eggs laid she,
And the brown eggs turned to brown birds three.

And the waves in the caves of the island rang,
And the breeze in the tree's thick branches sang ;
And this was the ringing,
And this the singing :
" Alone no more, though alone so long ;
To us is come the spirit of song ;
The lonely sea our comfort brings,
The lonely isle is full of wings,
And the lonely tree has a voice and sings."

F. W. BOURDILLON.

END OF VOL. II.

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